Dec. 31, 1960

THE NEW YORKER

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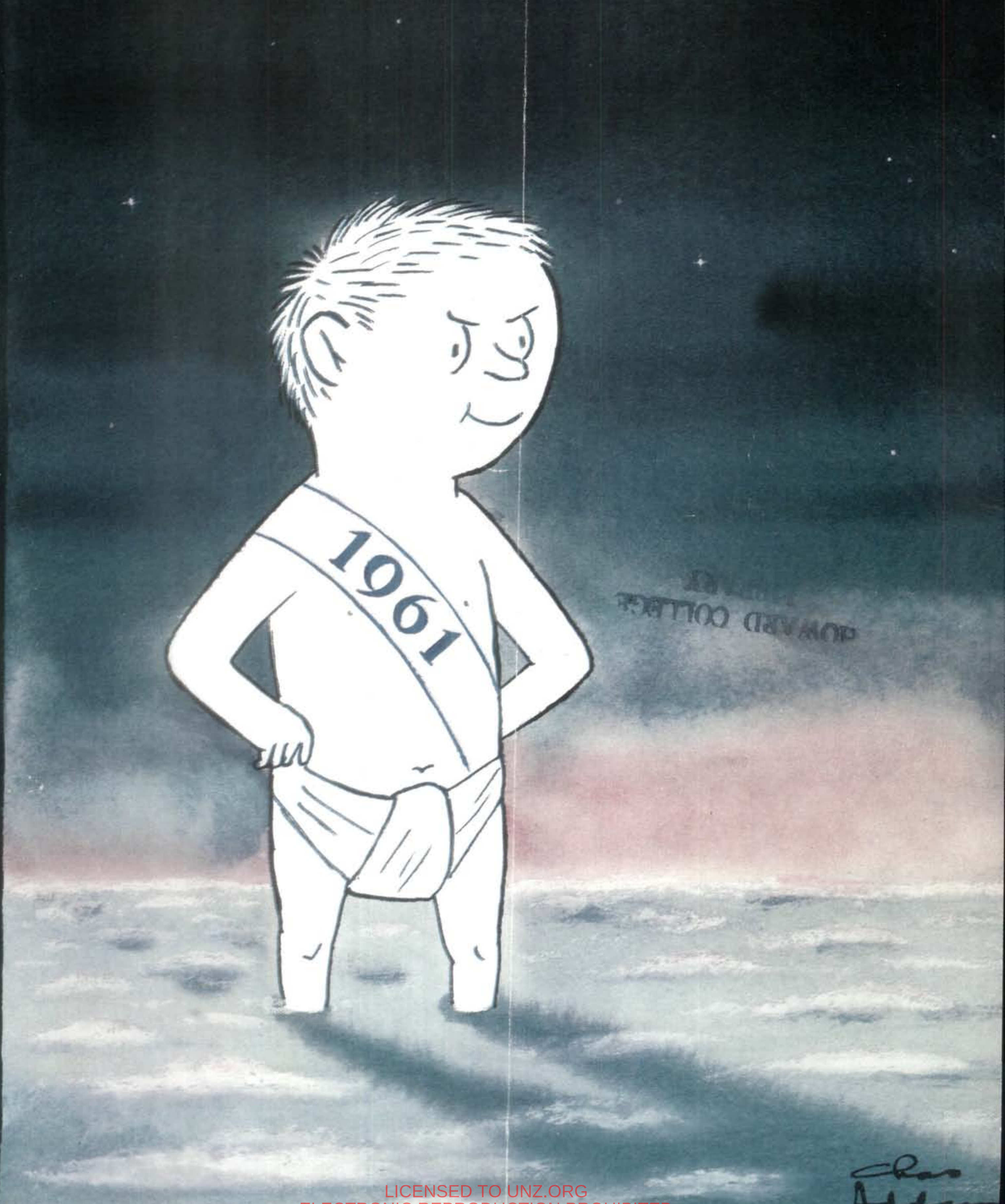
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the New Year's Day holiday. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—All manner of conspiratorial doings in Washington. The point at issue is whether the President should have the right to appoint as Secretary of State a professor who, in his past, has leaned a trifle to the left. The melodrama, by Loring Mandel, who based his play on the novel by Allen Drury, is ideologically limp, but it does have some superficially exciting scenes. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy portray some of the agitated legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley all figure in it to good advantage. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 1.)

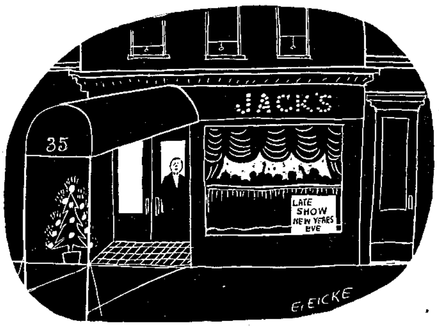
Becket—Jean Anouilh's lengthy and loosely woven dramatization of the twelfth-century struggle between the Primate of England and his Plantagenet king. Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn represent Church and State, respectively, in the drama, but their styles of acting don't blend very well. Peter Glenville is responsible for the direction. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

The Best Man—Gore Vidal's lively and provocative view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. Melvyn Douglas (upstanding) and Frank Lovejoy (amoral) are the rivals for the nomination, and they do well, as does Lee Tracy, cast as a former President who doesn't mind principles as long as they don't hurt the Party. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

Critic's Choice—A desultory comedy about a drama reviewer who finds himself emotionally hamstrung because his wife has written a lame-brained play that he must review if he is to preserve his integrity. Henry Fonda is the distraught critic, and Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton assist him in trying—to no avail—to put a little ginger into the affair. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A pair of hilarious mimes in a sequence of satiric skits that takes pot shots at everything from the Tennessee Williams school of playwriting to the Parent-Teacher Association. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 4, and Saturdays at 3; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 29, and Monday, Jan. 2, both at 2.)

The 49th Cousin—Menasha Skulnik struggles sturdily to establish himself as a domestic tyrant in this gentle comedy about a Jewish family in Syracuse. He never proves his point, but he is reasonably amusing. And so are Martha Scott, Marian Winters, Evans Evans, Gerald Hiken, and John Boruff, who support him in his endeavors. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)


JACK'S
35
LATE SHOW NEW YEARS EVE
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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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The Hostage—Brendan Behan's diverting vaudeville, which shoots off uproariously in all directions. The plot (if it can be called that) centers on a British soldier who has been taken captive by the I.R.A. and imprisoned in a Dublin brothel. The play has been skillfully directed by Joan Littlewood, and the actors, headed by Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage, are practically flawless. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 7.)

Invitation to a March—The Sleeping Beauty legend superimposed on some awkward situations that assorted denizens of the South Shore of Long Island get themselves into when the summer sun is high. Arthur Laurents's comedy hasn't quite the necessary bounce to make fantasy on the dunes entirely entrancing, but it does have the services of such meritorious performers as Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, Eileen Heckart, James MacArthur, and Richard Derr. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Period of Adjustment—Tennessee Williams' views on how difficult it is for young people to adapt themselves to matrimony. Mr. Williams' advice isn't very original, and his play—half serious, half comic—isn't very original, either. However, there are solid performances by Barbara Baxley, James Daly, Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Send Me No Flowers—A simple-minded exercise having to do with the dilemma of a hypochondriac who becomes convinced that a slight case of heartburn is really a big-league cardiac attack. The performers, however—among them David Wayne, Nancy Olson, Peter Turgeon, Frank Merlin, and Heywood Hale Broun—do manage to provoke a laugh or two. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney, a North Country English girl who wrote this play when she was nineteen, has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour (Angela Lansbury and Nigel Davenport), her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour (Joan Plowright and Billy Dee Williams), and a homosexual pal of the girl (Andrew Ray)—but they're intensely alive, and their dilemmas compel our attention. All the actors are excellent, but the highest honors must be reserved for Miss Plowright. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, except Dec. 31, at 2:30.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A comedy by Lawrence Roman that would have us believe there is something funny about a young virgin who wants to live with her fiancé on a Platonic basis just to see if she'd like to have him around for keeps. Sandra Church plays the girl, Dean Jones the boy, and Gig Young a lecher with designs on the addled maiden. Mr. Young is occasionally amusing. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

The Wall—In this dramatization of the John Hersey novel, Millard Lampell is only fitfully successful in describing the awful plight of the Jews immured in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. The play was directed by Morton DaCosta and has a cast that includes George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE MIRACLE WORKER:** Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Anne Bancroft is the teacher who rescues her. Their author is William Gibson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE TENTH MAN:** A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TOYS IN THE ATTIC:** A spinster sister is sensually attracted to her brother, and that isn't all that's wrong with the New Orleans family created by Lillian Hellman. With Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, and Irene Worth. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bye Bye Birdie—A delightful surprise: a musical comedy that is both comical and musical. Starring Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke, it has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart, plus dazzling direction by Gower Champion. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St.,

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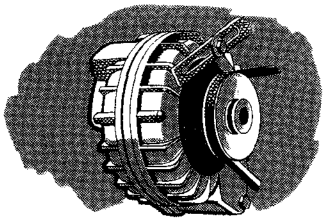

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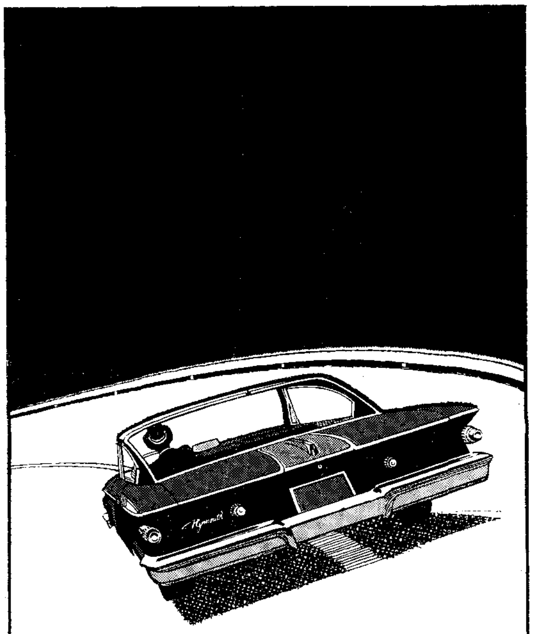

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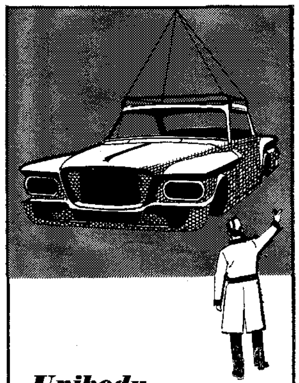

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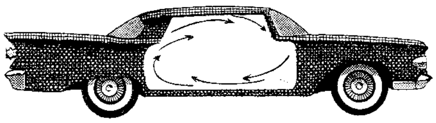

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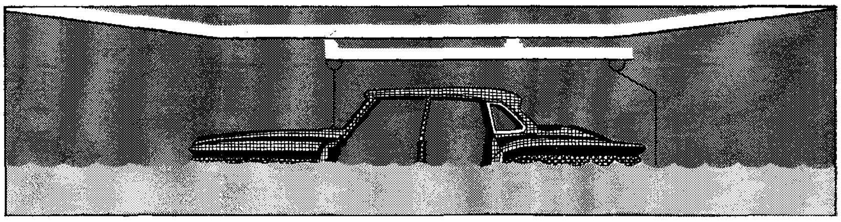

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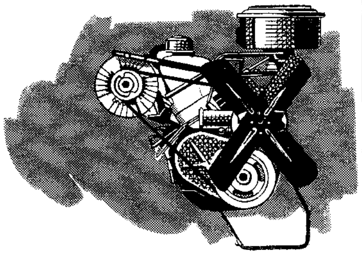

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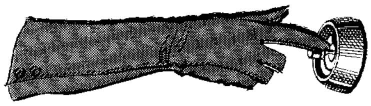

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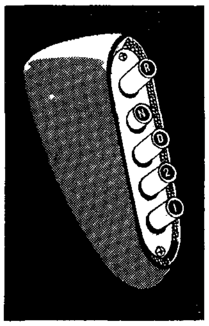

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

Camelot—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Irma la Douce—A musical farce originally created for French consumption by Alexandre Breffort and later put into English by Julian More, David Heneker, and Monty Norman. The book and lyrics leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography displays more enthusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Keith Michell is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Under the direction of George Abbott, this musical about the adventures of a minister investigating vice in the low haunts of Manhattan at the turn of the century is loud and active but, alas, not very funny. Mr. Abbott collaborated with Jerome Weidman on the book, Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock provided words and music, and Cecil Beaton created the sets and costumes. Maurice Evans has the role of the Gotham Dante, and Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker are among the others frisking about. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascension of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but all in all it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is lively and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as stimulating as a summer band concert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A host of primitives are let loose in the Southwestern oil fields to no particular purpose in this account of a rambunctious dame's attempt to come up with a bonanza as a petroleum promoter. The music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh, respectively, and the book, by N. Richard Nash, are not very stimulating, and the direction and choreography, by Michael Kidd, are for the most part lethargic. Lucille Ball is the dame. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiorello!**: The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **gypsy**: The story of how Gypsy Rose Lee got around to undressing in public, put to music by Jule Styne. Ethel Merman is the stripper's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.) . . . **the music man**: Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Bert Parks) who falls in love with a librarian. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady**: Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Pamela Charles now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music**: A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Do Re Mi—A musical adapted by Garson Kanin from his novel of the same name. Jule Styne composed the score, Betty Comden and Adolph Green did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; New Year's Eve at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Beautiful Dreamer—James Morris in a musical based on the life and works of Stephen Foster. Directed by Ernestine Perrie. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-8574. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Borak—Not detergents but the Civil War is the subject of this verse play by Robert D. Hock, some of whose images resemble cherry bombs, and some stale bread. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 31, and Monday, Jan. 2, both at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Drums Under the Windows—A crowded, faithful adaptation by Paul Shyre of the third of Sean O'Casey's billowy autobiographical novels. The time is early in the century and the setting Dublin, and it all depends on how much O'Casey prose you can ingest at one sitting. The cast is admirable under Mr. Shyre's direction. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Emmanuel—A Nativity play by James Forsyth, who would like us to see Mary and Joseph and all the rest as they Really Were, or as they might appear in "The Jesus Christ Story," Chapter 1. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Thursday at 3 and 8:40; Friday at 8:40; and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—A revival of the John Osborne-Anthony Creighton play, with James Patterson and Julie Follansbee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; New Year's Eve at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—The American première of this 1922 Brecht play, which deals with the mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve and one that is certainly better than anything else Off Broadway this season. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by a heretofore unknown American, Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and Pirie MacDonald. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; New Year's Eve at 7 and 9:40; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about halfway through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Plough and the Stars—Sean O'Casey's melodrama done as unintelligible vaudeville by the Phoenix Theatre's repertory company, whose director, Stuart Vaughan, is apt to shoot first and ask questions afterward. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

La Ronde—Arthur Schnitzler's celebrated sexual circle has all the fascination of a chart of a round-robin golf tournament but little of the fascination of a play. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Nightly at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

The Rules of the Game—Pirandello's puzzle about a man of logic who, it turns out, is not that at all. The cast, which includes Paul Sparer, Joanna Merlin, and William Windom, fits everything together perfectly until the third act, where the author asks more than they can give. (Gramercy Arts Theatre,

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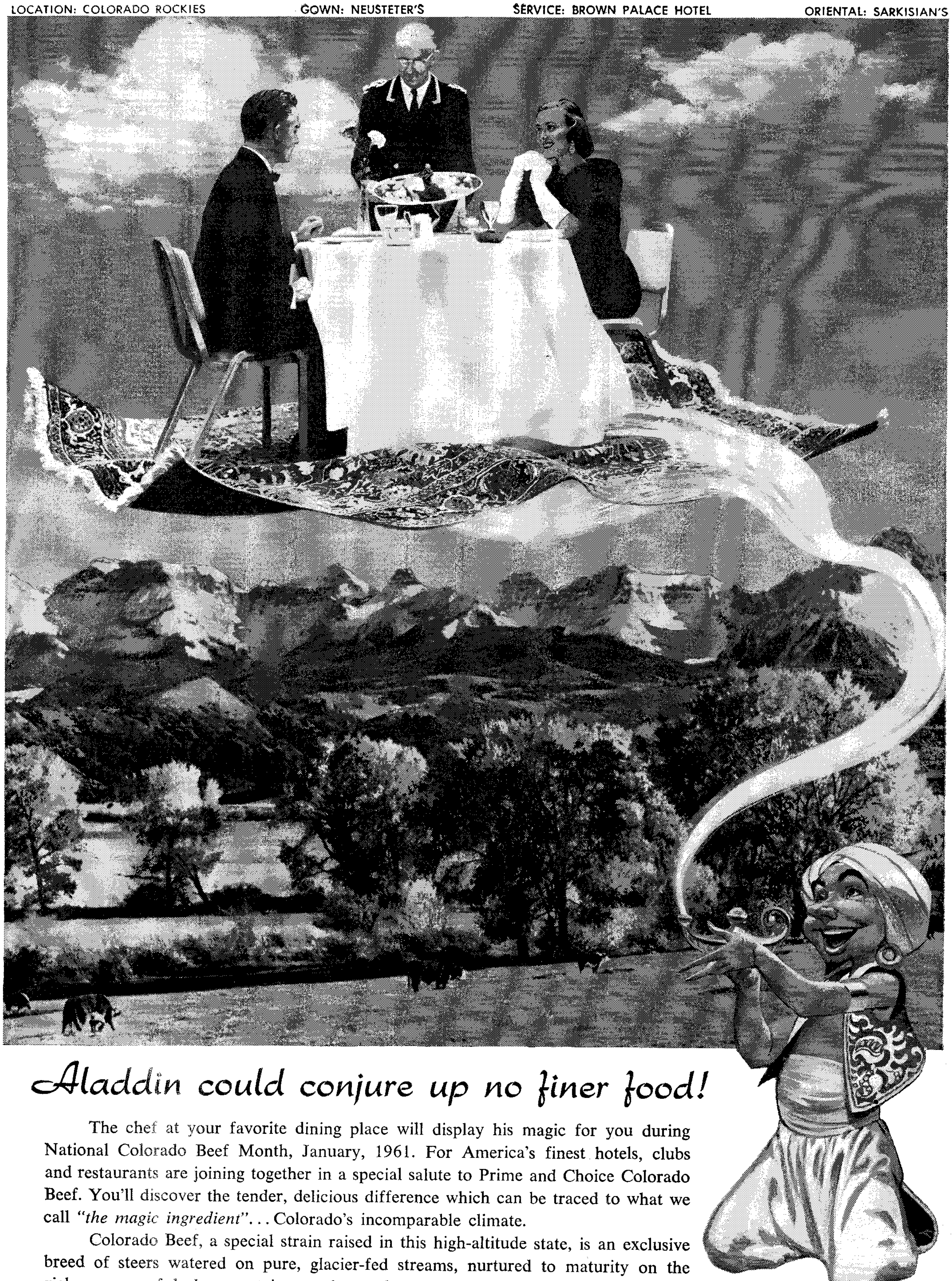

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Monday, Jan. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

She Stoops to Conquer—Donald Madden and Gerry Jedd in a revival of Oliver Goldsmith's comedy. Reopens Tuesday, Jan. 3, for an additional two-week engagement. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 15.)

Shunned—A play by Judith Palestrant. (Dickens Theatre, 20 E. 9th St. WA 4-8400. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Father William himself. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

When I Was a Child—Dramatized stories about children by several authors, including Katherine Anne Porter, Shirley Jackson, and Dylan Thomas. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

White Cargo—A new version of the 1923 play by Leon Gordon. Opens Thursday, Dec. 29. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Note—Five characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8:30 and 11:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 3-5, at 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 2:30: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8:30: "Con Amore," "Apollo," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 2, at 12:30 and 5:30: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Jazz Concert." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8:30: "Modern Jazz" (première), "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30: "Con Amore," "Modern Jazz," and "The Figure in the Carpet." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois," and "The Figure in the Carpet." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 7: "Divertimento No. 15," "Souvenirs," "Still Point," and "Gounod Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Jan. 15.)

José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All the fashionable games are provided, including the most recent version of finders-keepers, called Status. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who has time to dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta," or The Rover Boys and Girls in Little Old New Orleans, is being sung all over the Cotillion Room (at dinner every evening, and additionally at supper on Friday and Saturday) by a cast whose leaders are Jimmy Carroll, an Irish thrush, and Wilbur Evans, a roly-poly Santa Claus. There's also dance music. On New Year's Eve, there'll be only a supper performance, and the final reprise will occur on Sunday, Jan. 1. On Tuesday, Jan. 3, a re-enactment of "Anything Goes," Cole Porter's *petit histoire* of the American Republic in its formative years, will have its first fling. Mr. Carroll, Mr. Evans, and Larry Douglas will attend. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, whose population runs to founding fathers and their dancing daughters.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The chargé d'affaires in the amiable Persian Room is Ted Straeter, bandsman and fashion plate. His musicians (part champagne, part gin-and-tonic) and Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers do dance music the whole evening. At dinner and supper, the twenty-four feet belonging to the wonderfully euphoric Ballet Español of Roberto Iglesias give a flaming pyramid of Spanish music their vociferous stamp of approval. Just one show, at twelve-forty-five, on New Year's Eve. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) flows gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Maximillian Bergere's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—There's dancing most of the evening in the vasty Grill, where Guy Lombardo's orchestra, whose brass instruments are all sob sisters under the skin, is doing the ululating. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, an affair of state, has dancing with every course to Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. Twice during the evening, a small festival of music from America's templed hills is put on by the pair of young men known as Bud and Travis, who never become overweeningly serious about the songs and the guitars they play around with. On New Year's Eve, a dinner jacket will be the barest of essentials, and there'll be only one floor show, at one. The Maisonette reverts to form on Thursday, Jan. 5, when Diana Trask, a modren-type sireen (in the vernacular), succeeds Bud and Travis. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moonlight sonatas of Gunnar Hansen's orchestra are exactly appropriate to the splendid Roman cityscape of the Columns; his dance music is exactly appropriate to the lifetime-in-New-York couples who take to the floor. Charles Holden's band does the rest of the work. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—*Comme il faut*, never come as you are, is a primary consideration in the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing) and the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin). Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room is Emil Coleman, a reminder of the days when all New York was a supper club until daybreak. His eloquent dance band alternates with Theo Fanidi's lively little group. Eight-thirty is kickoff time. At nine-thirty and again at midnight, there's a song festival by Dick Haymes, who can still address a lyric in honeyed tones when he's not overcome by orchestration. He's assisted by his bride, Fran Jeffries, a picturesque child given to hoofing her songs rather than singing them. New Year's Eve, they'll appear only at twelve-thirty in the morning. On Thursday, Jan. 5, a new deal will take place: Shelley Berman (*vice* the Haymeses) will begin addressing his huge constituency, which, naturally, includes everyone who has ever tried to use a telephone. That same evening, Ben Cutler's band will succeed Mr. Coleman's. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The bosky dell called Peacock Alley has music for contemplation from six to eight-thirty, music for footwork until one, or even (on Saturdays) two. The small armies of Ray Bari and Michael Zarin do the instrumentation. The Sunday pattern is contemplation from six to eight, footwork until one, and the Baris do the whole job; the New Year's Eve pattern is dining music until ten, prancing music thereafter.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Play hour for people who don't mind visiting the rest of the United States but wouldn't want to live there if, etc. Their reasons for this attitude are accompanied by the piano of Jack Banan, a reliable old jazzhound. New Year's Eve, Bud Freeman's quartet will help dust off some unused echoes. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The college-entrance exams here are lightly conducted. Some of the old grads hang around, but they leave elbowroom for a good many undergraduates of this definitely coeducational institution. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins, landlord, and Wayne Sanders alternate thereafter until, following the theatre, they close ranks for sassafras four-hand music. Closed Sundays; New Year's Eve will be devoted to a non-public picnic. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Underneath a spreading greenwood tree that is always in leaf, Cy Walter inserts many an unexpected maneuver in his pianoforte recitations, which occur with considerable frequency between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman empire with modern conveniences. Herman Honigsberg's plangent choir of mobile violins and a crew of mobile guitarists vie with the visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence *en famille* is the attitude. Italian, too, is the burden of the sound track, a large part of it (from Thursday through Saturday) being Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. The rest of the week, the busy B. does without his sidekicks. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario of a toy opera company that worships at the shrines of Puccini and Leoncavallo. Closed Mondays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The château country in a slightly prankish state of mind. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his soulful violin from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this really eminent domain, Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish punctilio, which involves any amount of clicking of the heels. Along with this brand of ballet goes plenty of Andalusian tenor, baritone, and soprano. There is dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. On New Year's Eve, a trio will be added. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A royal enclosure, with bar. George Feyer, an old family retainer, does his Viennese chopsticks on the piano, beginning at eight-thirty and going through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The Appian way of life in an expansive, leisurely condition. No Vespas or Lambrettas to clutter the pavement—only a group of dulcet strolling musicians who are on their inexhaustible feet from six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382) Operetta Hungary, direct from the long ago and far away. The long-ago zimbalon is king of instruments here, and the voices of Tibor Rakossy, who must have been an operetta hero himself, and Lili France, who warbles in the manner of French girl warblers, are added to the orchestration now and again. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Captain Cook's tour of Polynesia, with a plausibly indigenous bill of fare, and musicians whanging away at what is certainly Polynesian music. George Taylor, an American tourist, is on hand every night but Sunday to make the piano in the bar sound Manhattan. Everybody else works every night of the year. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The décor may persuade visitors that they've veered off course into the Alhambra. The kitchen, though, is still of the West. Conrad Monjoy cajoles the diners with pillow-talk piano during the evening, and Richard Wilson's violin chimes in now and again. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Nighttime in the gardens of Granada, where piano and guitar speak softly but with burning desire. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, an establishment in which everything is done on tiptoe, Steven We tner composes calm, collected strophes at his piano between cocktail time and suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A considerable portion of the amusement could be rated as unmitigated Wiener schnitzel, but then there is also Yvonne Constant, who has had her moments in "La Plume de Ma Tante," to do an aria or two. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The minute bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for Renato Rossini's Mediterranean guitar. Nine-thirty to one is his orbit. No music Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): At least during the winter it's the one art gallery in town that has a band on deck. The leader of this trio is Danny Apolinar, who accomplishes a certain amount of wry merriment by warping his lyrics, his voice, and his face. Never mind the other amusement. Closed Sundays.

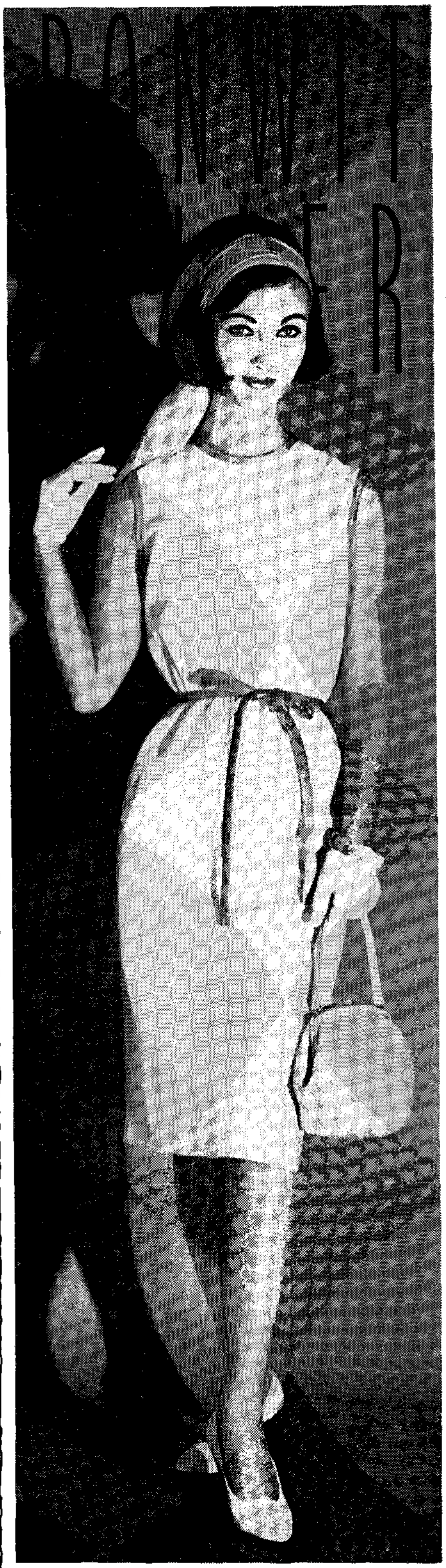
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls who should be seen and are rarely heard are heaped in every cranny of the tremendous gallimaufry that twice an evening overflows the banks here. The most picturesque are the Rudas Dancers, six Australians who use the stage as a mere launching pad. None of all these estimable ladies are given away as door prizes, more's the pity. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The passing throng. Visible, and audible, in the middle of it are Sammy Davis, Jr., who has the Alice in Wonderland ability to run faster and faster all the time and yet stay in one place, and the eight lilies of the valley who make up the chorus and in whose innocent dance routines it's every pretty girl for herself. The Davis perpetual motion comes to a halt on Wednesday, Jan. 4; a night later, Tony Bennett, microphone in hand, will start demonstrating how hit records are made, and broken, while Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, a couple of fast-talking 4-H kids, will start demonstrating how they grew the tallest corn in Iowa. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Kaye Ballard, a myna bird who swoops from one tumultuous Mad Scene after another, is the big noise. The other participants are Anita Sheer, a young lady completely wrapped up in her persuasive flamenco guitar and song; Reneaux, a magician who can haul anything, from a deck of cards to a covey of larks, out of thin air; and Joey Carter, who collects jokes from any old place. Jimmy Lyons' glittery trio and Otis Clements's piano calk the minute hiatuses in between. The establishment takes a night off on Monday, Jan. 2; as of the following evening, Miss Ballard's playmates will be Pat Harrington, Jr., the brusque son of the Gatling-gun humorist who once roamed the West 52nd Street range, and the Smothers Brothers, a rantipole pair of song-spoofers from the Pacific Coast. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty does lingering water-color piano from six to eight, and the Lyonses often contribute a few stanzas early in the morning. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," the incumbent annual revue devised by Julius Monk, is the perfect astringent curative for the badly swelled head of the world around us. The doctor's report (reading time: ninety minutes) provides some of the lightest bedtime literature on record, and the cast—Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl—could only with difficulty be improved upon. William Roy and Carl Norman are the up-and-coming two-piano orchestra. The firing times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): More than a mere working knowledge of who's who and what's what is needed for complete comprehension of the tissue-paper foolery of Jane Connell and Jack Fletcher, as expert a pair of *farceurs* as you'll hear all season. They set to no earlier than ten; Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston start testing the piano for sound at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): You're apt to get your ears boxed by the noise in here, especially when Tony and Eddie are at their ferociously rough-and-ready mimicry of performers who have been injudicious enough to commit their lifework to recordings, and when Sallie Blair is giving her ditties what-for. The spirit of the original Bon Soir is maintained by the rantipole music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, by the boulevardier ballads of Jimmie Daniels, prop., by the intermission piano of Peter Daniels, and by the dizzy spells of Frank Buxton, who ends his stay on Sunday, Jan. 1. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the neighborly alcove off the bar, around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. In the refectory, which is to the rear, there's a new freshman (and coeducational) class of Iberian flamencans that is most likely to succeed. Angel Mancheno, a graybeard of nineteen, is a bantam cock of exceptional agility. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of ballads, is weaving sunlight and shadow together into a fabric that no one else can quite duplicate. Sam Hamilton and Don Evans take turns at the piano. The midwinter vacation here begins at close of business on Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): Nothing whatever to do with the castle (or the musical) of the same name. At one end of its long, narrow showroom, Bobby Short is carolling his upbeat chanteys as merrily as if New York were still a twenty-four-hour town. His top-of-the-evening piano and trio are big helps. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," a minute Greenwich Village revue into which more than the customary amount of care and feeding has gone, occupies the second floor of this establishment. Its two boys and one girl—Richard Libertini, MacIntyre Dixon, and Lynda Segal—go through it, largely in poignant and/or pointed pantomime, at nine and twelve weekdays (no show Tuesdays) and at five-thirty and nine on Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Cheery as the night is long are the fingers of Ralph Sutton as they cakewalk along the keyboard, and welcome, too, are other long-term absentees, such as Peanuts Hucko and Buzzy Drootin, both of them part of the Sutton tour party. Bob Corwin has fun on the piano whenever the band eases offstage. Closed Sundays.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Sarah Vaughan, who amounts to a command performance even when she toys with trifles that would never be missed, is doing the singing; Dave Brubeck, a very honest John with his plain-spoken piano, is doing the music, which is sturdy and sometimes stolid progressive. He operates with a quartet. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Three wild bells—Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross—are ringing out songs devoid of rhyme or reason but full of unmitigated joy and good will. Ray Bryant's trio, which manages to be simultaneously far-out and close-knit, is around, too. There's also an afternoon session every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. On Tuesday, Jan. 3, a new collection of characters takes over; i.e., Chris Connor, who never lets the tune influence her own melodic line, and the trio of Charlie Byrd, a firm believer in the unamplified guitar and an individual manner of playing it. Closed Mondays.... **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Clambake time in midtown Manhattan. The instrumentation is accomplished by the quartet of Cootie Williams, who must be well along in his third or fourth reincarnation; the arias are accomplished by the Deep River Boys, who haven't bayed at our local moon in—well, many moons, and by Gloria Lynne, of this year's run-of-the-mill squad. The Boys and Miss Lynne depart on Saturday, Dec. 31; Herbie Mann's flute-and-drum corps, which has gone native with African and West Indian artifacts, arrives on Monday, Jan. 2. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition; New Year's Day, though, the Finger Lake Five will join in instead.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, nowadays a searcher for deeper meanings instead of being solely a phosphorescent pianist, is in charge of a well-regulated trio that sets to around ten inside the oval bar. No action Mondays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six is clattering away at precisely the sort of bumpety-bump this house has always specialized in. There are jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five, in addition to the evening sessions; the place is closed Mondays.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed hereabouts, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman; the soirées are run by the small bands of Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Lionel Hampton, and Cozy Cole, some of which lay off a night or two during the week but all of which are on draught weekends. The Hamptons call it quits on Sunday, Jan. 1; the Yageds call it quits on Tuesday, Jan. 3. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. On Friday, Dec. 30, and New Year's Eve, the upstairs room will also be pressed into service.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Nina Simone, who'd be reminiscent of Cleopatra if Cleopatra could sing and play jazz, will be taking herself and her trio away after New Year's Eve; the Magnets, a brand-new steel band, departs the same evening. This cave of the winds will then lie empty until, on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, Horace Silver's trembling-aspen quintet does a stand.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A sparsely settled segment of town devoted to the production of hero sandwiches. Strict attention is paid to what's happening on the podium, where the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is mumbling broken Esperanto to itself. Closed Mondays.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): O Death, where is thy sting is the topic of several of Joe Williams' top-of-his-lungs blues, which are attached to the huge band of Count Basie, a group that often just coasts on its own tremendous momentum. John Handy, an alumnus of the Charlie Mingus school of profound thought, contributes a quartet to the proceedings. They all leave on Wednesday, Jan. 4; next evening, the big band (nineteen strong) belonging to Quincy Jones commences a matter-of-fact session. George Russell's sextet will likewise attend. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights.... **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The Montgomery Brothers, who are off duty Tuesdays, turn out jazz in which an electrified guitar leads the life of Riley; the Gigi Gryce quintet, which is off duty Mondays, turns out jazz scored by Barricini. The scenery is extremely earth-bound.... **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Dizzy Gillespie, inventor of the neo-Einstein theory that sound can be bent any way you like it, is wielding a brass instrument that is proof of the theory. Among his surroundings are his own quintet and a foursome run, occasionally through very remote control, by Thelonious Monk, a great man when he's in a mood to recognize the fact. Closed Mondays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A society for the preservation of American incunabula gathers here every weekend. Among the exhibits on Friday, Dec. 30, should be Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Dick Wellstood, Gene Sedric, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis.... **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Nanook of the North lived here. Now it's the headquarters for the quartet of Kenny Burrell, whose guitar is Consolidated Edison and whose casual voice is his own. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; they will all be closed New Year's Day and Monday, Jan. 2. Some, as indicated, will be closed Saturday, Dec. 31, and some are likely to close early on that day.)

GALLERIES

DAVID BURLIUK—Approaching his eightieth year, the artist offers a whimsical retrospective of pieces all painted currently but done in styles dating from 1908 to the present; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO—The Poggibonsi altarpiece, made for the Brigittine Convent del Paradiso, near Florence, by this fifteenth-century painter; through Jan. 28. (Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St.)

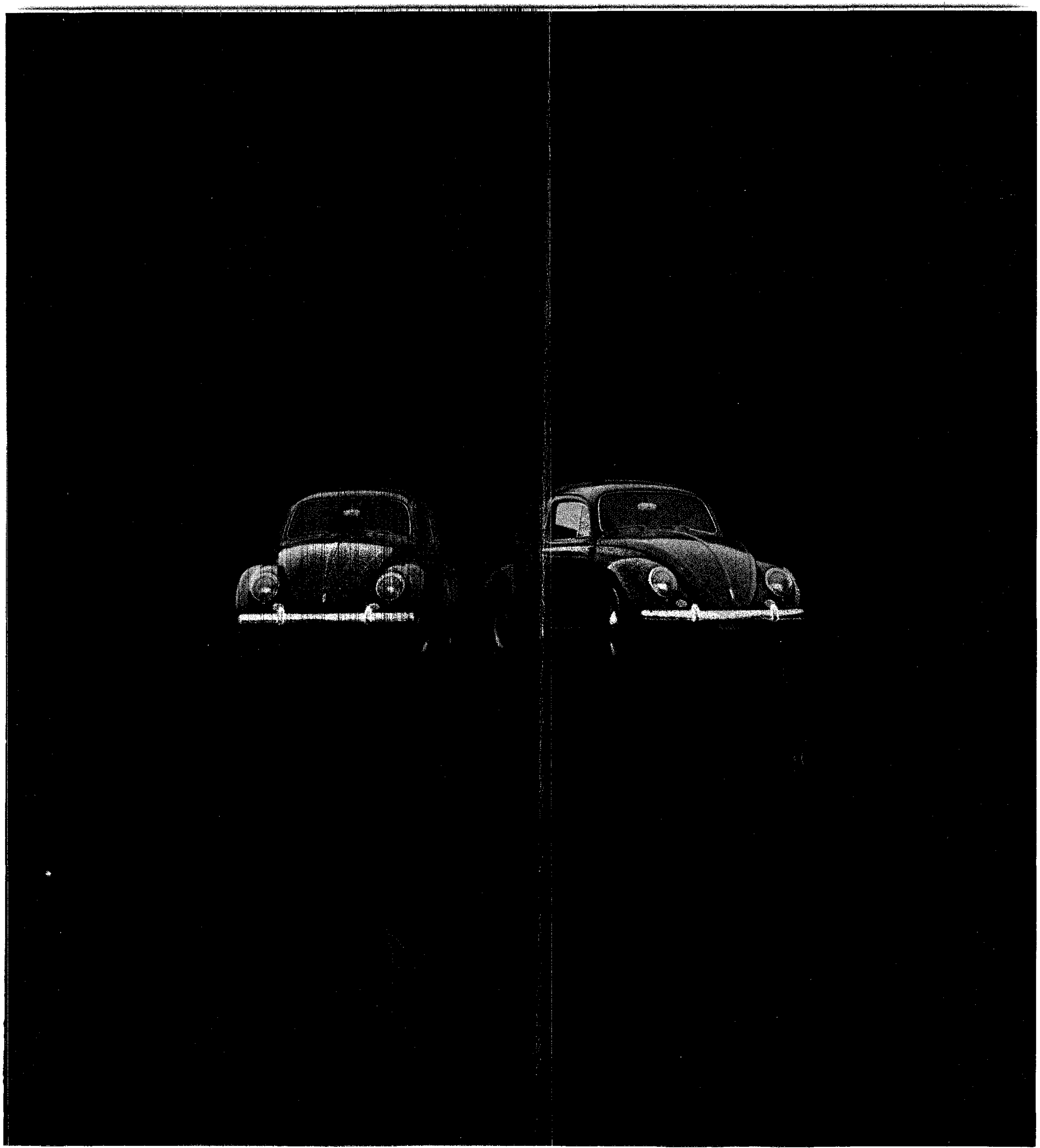
CÉSAR—Welded-metal sculptures by a contemporary Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through Jan. 28. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St.)

MINNA CITRON—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Norval, 53 E. 57th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—Paintings, many of them never shown here before, and drawings; through Jan. 14. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

MIYOKO ITO AND JERROLD BALLAINE—Abstractions by Miss Ito, a Chicagoan; Expressionistic paintings by Mr. Ballaine, a San Franciscan. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

MATSUMI KANEMITSU—Abstract oils, based on flower and other organic forms, by a young



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Japanese-American; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

James Kearns—Paintings, drawings and sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Lawrence Lebduska—Paintings by a modern American primitive, in his first exhibition in some years; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Fernand Léger—Paintings, drawings, and other works, covering the period 1918-50, in an exhibit that is running simultaneously with a showing of his works (ending Monday) at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Matta—Abstract Surrealist pastels and drawings (1950-60) by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Morandi—Paintings, drawings, and etchings of landscapes and still-lifes (1915-60) by an Italian artist; through Jan. 14. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

James Preston—Water colors and drawings, primarily landscape studies of France and Long Island, by an artist little known except by his association with Glackens and Sloan; through Jan. 14. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—A set of thirty-odd sensitively conceived abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Georges Rouault—Water colors; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Charles Salerno—Stone sculptures and slate reliefs; through Feb. 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Gordon Samstag—Semi-abstract paintings, angular in design; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Frederic Taubes—Semi-Expressionist figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

John Thomas—Figure paintings; through Jan. 21. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Robert Watts—Constructions, many of them mechanized and in feverish motion, by a young Dadaist painter-sculptor; through Thursday, Jan. 5. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Weeks—Figure paintings by a San Francisco artist; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Poetic Painters of the Nineteenth Century—An amusing, if slightly syrupy, display of paintings and drawings by Gérôme, Alma-Tadema, Bouguereau, and others; through Jan. 14. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **GREAT JONES GALLERY**, 5 Great Jones St.: Sculptures by Reuben Nakian, Philip Pavia, Peter Agostini, and George Spaventa; through Jan. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: "Enormous Room III," a show made up of three huge works—Abstract Expressionist canvases by Sam Francis and Alfred Leslie and a construction by Louise Nevelson; through Jan. 15. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.). . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Paintings for the Home" by, among others, John Sloan, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni; through Friday, Dec. 30. . . . **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition entitled "Approaches to Religion in Contemporary American Art;" through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 10.). . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings, 1910-60, by (for instance) Ben Benn, John Hultberg, and Bernard Karfiol; through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: The mid-season water-color exhibit; through Jan. 12. (Daily, 1 to 6, and Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.). . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Water colors, drawings, and collages by Ernest Briggs, Stephen Pace, Milton Resnick, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **D'ARCY**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An international Surrealist exhibition, directed by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp and including works by Dali, Yves Tanguy, and Robert Rauschenberg; through Jan. 14. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Oils by such artists as John Hultberg, Alberto Burri, and Antonio Tàpies; through Jan. 14. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.). . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century water colors by well-known painters and sculptors, among them Gauguin, Kandinsky, and Andrew Wyeth; through Friday, Dec. 30. . . ; **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Drawings 1960," made up of items by Eduardo Paolozzi, Matta, Kawabata, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.). . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Piet Mondrian, Fannie Hillsmith, John B. Flannagan, and other painters and sculptors; through Jan. 14. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Afro, Max Beckmann, Bernard Rosenthal, and others; through Jan. 14. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Braque, Kandinsky, Chagall, and others; through Jan. 31. . . . **MARKS**, 21 E. 66th St.: Eight artists from seven European countries and Israel, who have recently worked in Paris, including Guy Harloff, Serge Monsouroff, and Antonio Lago; through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Artist as Draughtsman," an exhibition of drawings, pastels, and water colors of five centuries by, among others, Boucher, Degas, and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo; through Jan. 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Denmark: Viking to Modern," an exhibition of art treasures from Danish royal and public museums and private collections, along with contemporary craft objects—furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, textiles, embroidery, and glass; through Jan. 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred modern European and American drawings, dating back to Seurat and van Gogh, from the Museum's collection; through Monday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A small exhibition of abstract paintings and drawings by the French master Fernand Léger (1881-1955), also from the Museum's collection; through Monday, Jan. 2. A good complement to this showing is the Léger exhibit at the Janis Gallery, 15 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Paintings by Cézanne and Monet, sculptures by Bourdelle and Matisse, drawings by Picasso and Miró, Japanese prints, and Tiffany glass are among the recent acquisitions now on view; through Feb. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and forty Egyptian sculptures of the Late Period (700 B.C. to 100 A.D.), assembled from public and private collections; through Jan. 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening, Dec. 29, until 9; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition, carefully selected, of small paintings on paper from the Rajput provinces of northern India; through Jan. 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, except New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The prize-winning painting by Karel Appel, together with a selection of candidate pictures, in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.: "The Nativity," an exhibition of miniatures from medieval and Renaissance manuscripts illustrating Biblical and legendary stories about the birth of Christ; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Weekdays, except Monday, Jan. 2, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Japan: Design Today," a display of textiles, ceramics, woodwork, metals, china, glassware, toys, and semi-ceremonial objects;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, except New Year's Day, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1960 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, with works by, among others, Lee Bontecou, Chaim Gross, Jimmy Ernst, and Gabor Peterdi; through Jan. 22. (Daily, except New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 29: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Lorenzo Testi, Fernando Corena, and Giulio Gari. A non-subscription performance. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 30: "Alcestis" (in English), with Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 31: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 31: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. A non-subscription performance. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Tebaldi, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 3: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Elisabeth Soederstroem, Helen Vanni, Cesare Siepi, and Kim Borg. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 4: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 5: "Alcestis" (in English), with Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 6: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Frank Guarrera, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 7: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Blanche Thebom, George London, Brian Sullivan, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 7: "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Rosalind Elias, Anselmo Colzani, Eugenio Fernandi, and Cesare Siepi. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 30, at 2:15; and Sunday, Jan. 1, at 3 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Skitch Henderson conducting a concert of popular music on New Year's Eve at 8:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 6, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3 (all with Rohan de Saram, cello).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8:30, with Jaime Laredo, violin; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2:30, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—*Frederic* Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Adele Addison, soprano; Betty Allen, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Chester Ludgin, baritone; and Chester Watson, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Rodgers and Hammerstein Concert—Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting the Symphony of the Air, with Bonnie Murray, soprano; Patricia Marand, mezzo-soprano; William Tabbert, tenor; Jack Russell, baritone; and a choir. A benefit for the Hunter College Scholarship Funds. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. New Year's Eve at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing an all-Bach program, with Barbara Freeman, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Therman Bailey, bass-baritone; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and an orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, Dec. 30, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

The Play of Daniel—The last four performances of a twelfth-century musical drama, presented by the New York Pro Musica, with a choir of boys and men; Betty Wilson, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Gordon Myers, baritone; Brayton Lewis, bass; and others. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Monday, Jan. 2, at 3 and 8:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 3-4, both at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 6-2100.)

RECITALS

Earl Wild—*Piano, in an all-Liszt program.* (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

Michael Tree and Heida Hermanns—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski and Alexander Schneider—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only *standing room is left.)*

Mildred Dilling—Presenting a lecture-recital on the harp. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 6, at 5:45.)

Beveridge Webster—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30, the last in a series of all-Mozart programs, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, the fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Gaspar Cassado and Chieko Hara—Cello and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 30, at 9: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 7: Philadelphia vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Syracuse.

Boxing—Carmen Basilio vs. Gaspar (Indian) Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, *Jan.* 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Toronto, Sunday, Jan. 1, at 7. Rangers vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Amateur game: United States vs. Russia, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Opening matches Wednesday and Thursday, *Jan. 4-5, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)*

FOR CHILDREN

Ballet—The Brooklyn Civic Ballet presenting "Coppélia," "Suite Pastorale," and "Don Quichotte Pas de Deux." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 31, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **AMERICAN THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Hans and the Tulip." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 1 and 3, and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 11, 1, and 2:30.) . . . **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES:** "Emperor's Nightingale." (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 29-Jan. 2, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . **PAT DEANE PRODUCTIONS:** "Christopher Fish." (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 12, 1:30, and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-2271). . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 29-Jan. 1, at 12, 1:30, and 3, and Monday, Jan. 2, at 12 and 1:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Little Snow Girl." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 3:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30; Monday, Jan. 2, at 1; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Cut-ups," Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 1. . . . ¶ "Scraps," Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 3. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave. at 14th St. CH 3-4569.) . . . **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS:** "The Snow Queen." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 1:30 and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Snow White." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 11.) . . . **THEATRE EAST:** "Gulliver's Travels." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 3:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30; Sunday, Jan. 1, at 1:30, 2:45, and 4; and Monday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Puss in Boots." Thursday, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Friday, Dec. 30. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Performances at 11 and 2.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings and pastels by children of Tokyo; through Jan. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 3 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Star of Wonder." Starting Tuesday, Jan. 3, there will be a new show, "Astronomy in the News." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day and Monday, Jan. 2, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 3-6, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ There are half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium starting at 8, nightly except Saturday, Dec. 31.

MOVIES—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, and Sunday through Tuesday, Jan. 1-3, from 10 to 12.

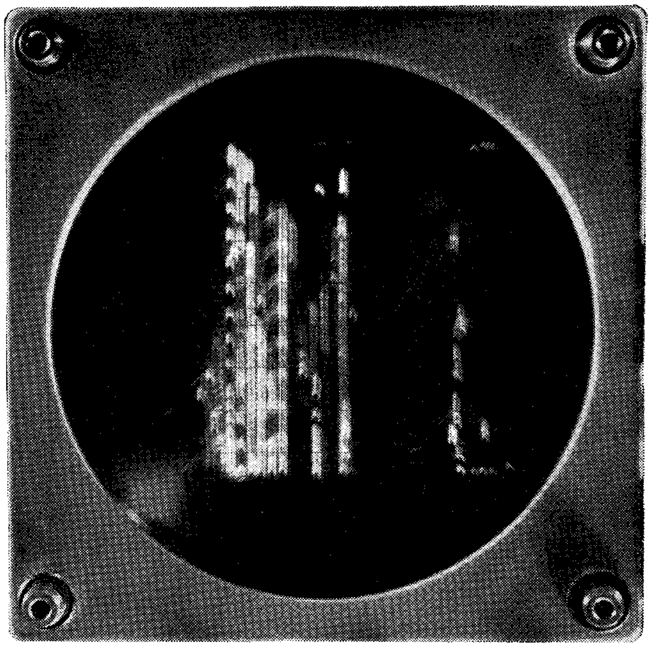
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except New Year's Day.

POETRY READINGS—T. S. Eliot reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday, Jan. 5, at 1:45: Oriental art, including Chinese jades and other semiprecious-mineral carvings, Siamese and Indian sculptures, Luristan bronzes, Japanese screens, and painted scrolls; from several collectors, among them Pat Corso. (Exhibition hours: Friday, Dec. 30, from 10 to 5; Tuesday, Jan. 3, from 10 to 8; and Wednesday, Jan. 4, from 10 to 5.)

PICTURE OF TELEPHONE CALLS BEING HANDLED A REMARKABLE NEW WAY



Bell System's new Electronic Central Office (now being tested) forecasts a startling variety of useful new telephone services

The oscilloscope screen above gives you an idea of how telephone calls will some day be handled—*electronically*—by a remarkable new system.

A screen like this is monitoring experimental Electronic Central Office equipment which we recently began testing in Morris, Illinois. The "pips" of light represent the system's thought processes as it puts calls through, while checking itself constantly for errors.

This test is very significant, for the future Electronic Central Office will let your telephone do pretty nearly anything you want it to.

For example, you may be able to dial a three-way phone conversation right in town . . . or have your calls automatically transferred to a friend's house where you're spending the evening . . . or ask the Office to keep after a busy number and connect you as soon as it's free.

These are just a few of the many services this new switching system could make possible.

"It looks in the back of the book"

An engineer at Bell Telephone Laboratories compares the Electronic Central Office and previous switching systems this way:

"Suppose," he says, "that two students are trying to find the square root of 841. One is doing it the hard way, figuring with paper and pencil. The other just reaches for an engineering handbook and looks up the answer, 29, in the tables.

"Just so, when you dial a number, the new Office will connect you 'by looking in the back of the book'—a huge permanent memory in which we have stored the answers to every situation that can arise."

Product of Continuing Research

Some of our customers in Morris are helping us test the Electronic Central Office now, and more are being added every week. From them we'll learn how to improve the switching system, and what new services people would like to have.

This early demonstration of electronic switching is the achievement of many years of Bell Telephone research in many fields of science. It depends on the Transistor, a Bell Laboratories invention, for its economy and reliability. And it shows the important progress we can make with reasonable earnings under America's free enterprise system.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Battle of the Sexes—Peter Sellers is enormously funny in this British comedy, based on a story by James Thurber, that has to do with the efforts of the head accountant of an old-fashioned Scottish firm to eliminate a young female efficiency expert. Robert Morley and Constance Cummings are Mr. Sellers' capable aides. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 3, tentative.)

Ben-Hur—This version of the old war horse offers Charlton Heston as the rich, spiritual, and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Monday, Dec. 29-Jan. 2, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Big Deal—From Italy comes this wonderfully high-spirited takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. A gang of untalented petty thieves attempts a crime that fails at every turn, thanks in large part to their inveterate good nature. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and the clown called Totò. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Entertainer—The reason for subjecting yourself to this ugly, powerful depiction of English lower-class decay is Laurence Olivier, who plays a corrupt and talentless little music-hall performer so stunningly that we believe even in the performer's lack of talent. Also in the picture, and also first-rate, are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 4, tentative.)

Exodus—The new heavyweight champion, weighing in at three hours and forty-five minutes, shows an unfortunate preference for dialectics over fighting. Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusterers. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—The brilliant director, Roberto Rossellini, here makes his so-called "comeback" with a picture noble in intent and noble in execution. A melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War, it depicts the transformation of a cowardly bootlicker into a true hero. Vittorio De Sica is superb in the starring role, and Hannes Messemer plays to perfection the role of the honorable, pitiless Nazi superman. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour—An imaginative, lyrical, and absorbing French film that tells of a tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. The direction, by Alain Resnais, is fascinating, and in the principal roles Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada are most satisfactory. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 2, tentative.)

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				29	30	31
1	2	3	4			

I'm All Right, Jack—Peter Sellers as a shop steward in an English plant that is at sixes and sevens because of a lunatic management and a working crew that is just as balmy. A very droll British film, in which Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, Liz Frazer, and Richard Attenborough also figure admirably. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 3, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels—Another prime example of English comedy-making. Ian Carmichael and Terry-Thomas set each other off perfectly, the former playing the part of a polite young ditherer, the latter playing a fierce and resourceful man-about-town. Fearful of being bested by Terry-Thomas, Carmichael applies for admission to the College of Lifemanship, presided over by the famous Stephen Potter (Alastair Sim). In the course of what is probably the worst-played and funniest tennis match on record, Carmichael's mastery of the art of one-upmanship reduces his rival to a bad-tempered pulp. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Jan. 4, tentative.)

The Sundowners—The plot of this tale about a group of Australian sheep-drovers is TV-serial stuff, but some eye-popping scenery, plenty of kangaroos, and Fred Zinnemann's tasteful direction more than compensate for its faults. Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, and Michael Anderson, Jr., are an attractive and believable family, and Peter Ustinov is Peter Ustinov, which is plenty good enough. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Tunes of Glory—Sir Alec Guinness wins the actor's Victoria Cross for his daring and endlessly subtle performance as an alcoholic colonel who destroys his enemy and himself in a frightening struggle for the command of a peacetime Highland regiment. John Mills is almost as fine as Sir Alec, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson also flash their tartans. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn murder classic. Cary Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 3-4.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "Shanghaied," and "Triple Trouble," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 4.)

Damn Yankees (1958)—A musical having to do with a man who sells his soul to the Devil for a guarantee that the Washington Senators will beat the Yankees to a pennant. With Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 1-2.)

The Eagle (1925)—That old curio with the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 4.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 3, tentative.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Eva Marie Saint. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 1-3.)

The Pajama Game (1957)—The Broadway musical, translated to the screen. Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 1-2.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Dec. 31.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Dec. 31: "The Mikado" (1939), with Martyn Green and Kenny Baker. . . . ¶ The first four in a series of films called "The Contemporary American Screen"—Jan. 1: "Sitting Pretty" (1948), with Clifton Webb. Jan. 2: "Johnny Belinda" (1948), with Jane Wyman. Jan. 3: "Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948) with Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. Jan. 4: "All the King's Men" (1949), with Broderick Crawford. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Saturday, Dec. 31, and Tuesday, Jan. 3, when there will be just one showing, at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Monday, Dec. 29-Jan. 2, at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Monday, Dec. 29-Jan. 2, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE SUNDOWNERS.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 2; Saturday through Monday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, at 2:30; and Wednesdays, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 2 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).
From Jan. 3 (tentative): **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 3: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "College Confidential," Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows.
From Jan. 4: "Goliath and the Dragon," Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Jailbreakers," Robert Hutton.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 3 (tentative): **GIGI,** revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.
From Jan. 4 (tentative): "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Ballad of a Soldier" (in Russian), Vladimir Ivashov.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 3: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.
From Jan. 4: "Goliath and the Dragon," Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Jailbreakers," Robert Hutton.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE BIG DEAL (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sundays" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Dec. 29: "G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse; and "The Boy Who Stole a Million," Maurice Reyna.
From Dec. 30: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 3 (tentative): **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.**
From Jan. 4 (tentative): **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 3: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "College Confidential," Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows.
From Jan. 4: "Goliath and the Dragon," Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Jailbreakers," Robert Hutton.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Dec. 29: "G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse; and "The Boy Who Stole a Million," Maurice Reyna.
From Dec. 30: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 4: **THE EAGLE** (silent); **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and "An Old Spanish Custom," revival, Buster Keaton.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Dec. 31: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.
Jan. 1-2: **THE PAJAMA GAME,** revival; and **DAMN YANKEES,** revival.
Jan. 3-4: **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE,** revival; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 4 (tentative): **THE ENTERTAINER.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Dec. 29: "G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse; and "The Boy Who Stole a Million," Maurice Reyna.
From Dec. 30: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 31: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS;** and "Forbidden Desire" (in French; formerly called "Lover's Net"), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Daniel Gelin.
Jan. 1-3: **ON THE WATERFRONT,** revival; and "The Prince and the Showgirl," Marilyn Monroe, Laurence Olivier.
From Jan. 4: "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas; and "The Wind Cannot Read," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Yoki Tani.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"A French Mistress," Cecil Parker, James Robertson Justice.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Dec. 29: "G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse; and "The Boy Who Stole a Million," Maurice Reyna.
From Dec. 30: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 4: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "College Confidential," Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 29: "Swan Lake," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.
From Dec. 30: "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms; and "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Bjornstrand.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Jan. 1: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "Seven Ways from Sundown," Audie Murphy, Barry Sullivan.
Jan. 2-3: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Whit Bissell.
From Jan. 4: "Goliath and the Dragon," Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Jailbreakers," Robert Hutton.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 3: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS;** and "Stefanie" (in German), Carlos Thompson, Sabine Sinjen.
From Jan. 4: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire; and "Operation Amsterdam," Peter Finch, Eva Bartok.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Dec. 29: "G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse; and "The Boy Who Stole a Million," Maurice Reyna.
From Dec. 30: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Jan. 3: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "College Confidential," Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows.
From Jan. 4: "Goliath and the Dragon," Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Jailbreakers," Robert Hutton.

Minds, too, need cultivating

Nourish the mind, and the harvest can be bountiful beyond all measure.

Our nation, up to now, has been richly rewarded by the quality of thought nourished in our colleges and universities. The kind of learning developed there has made possible our American way of life.

Today these colleges are facing a serious crisis. Low salaries are driving too many gifted teachers into other fields. Many classrooms are seriously overcrowded. And by 1967 enrollments are expected to *double!*

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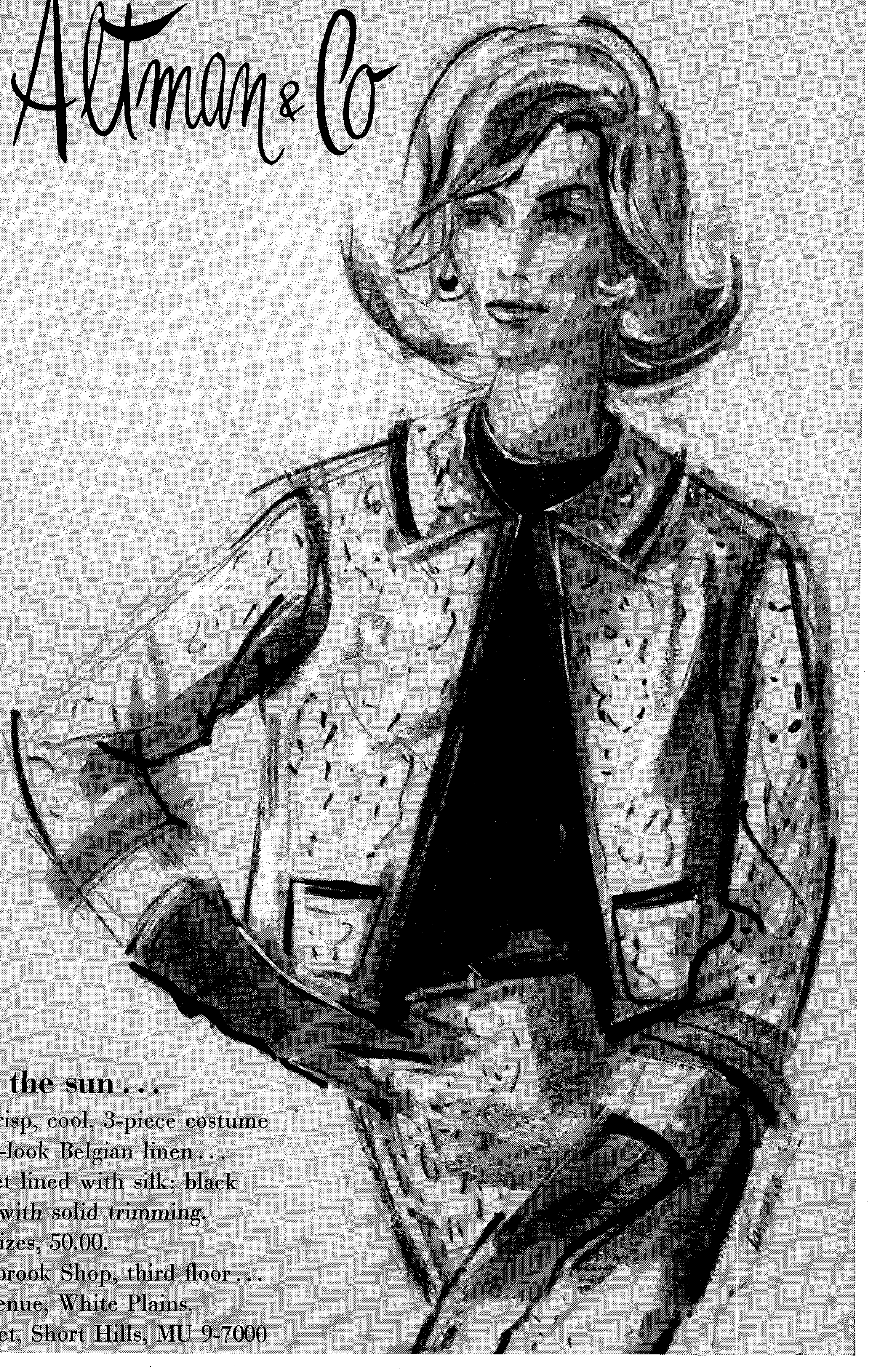

follow the sun . . .

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the jacket lined with silk; black
or navy with solid trimming.
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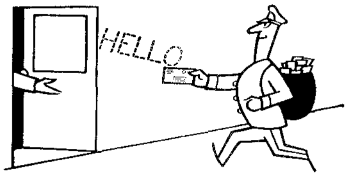
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE can't imagine a better way to salute the promise of the new year than by telling you about an old friend of ours, Sidney Roby, of Orchard Road, Berlin, Connecticut. We never think of Sidney without thinking of his address, because he is a subscriber to the magazine and for twenty-odd years now has directed his renewal notice and personal check to us, for forwarding to the subscription department. Sidney isn't much of a hand at letters, and we don't hear from him *except* when his subscription is about to run out; we suspect that he uses this little business transaction as a means of saying hello to us without the trouble of writing "hello" and without the sinful expenditure of another four-cent stamp to confirm, by mail, a friendship that he knows will survive any amount of silence. Sidney is a Yankee, and thrifty of both energy and cash. ("Killing two birds with one stone" is a favorite apothegm up around Berlin, and so is "A penny saved is a penny earned.") Nevertheless, in any dealings with Yankees it's a mistake to assume that there are only motives like these behind the things they do. When Sidney Roby, of Orchard Road, Berlin, Connecticut, sends us his renewal, the chances are that he isn't just saying hello and saving money; he's probably also indicating that he continues to have a certain confidence in our ability to turn out a magazine. "You see, I still believe in you" is one way to read Sidney's gesture. Or, to take a somewhat gloomier view, he may be warning us that we'd better keep on our toes—that, for sufficient financial reasons, we mustn't let him down. "Seven dollars a year!" he may be saying. "You people in New York seem to think money grows on trees!"



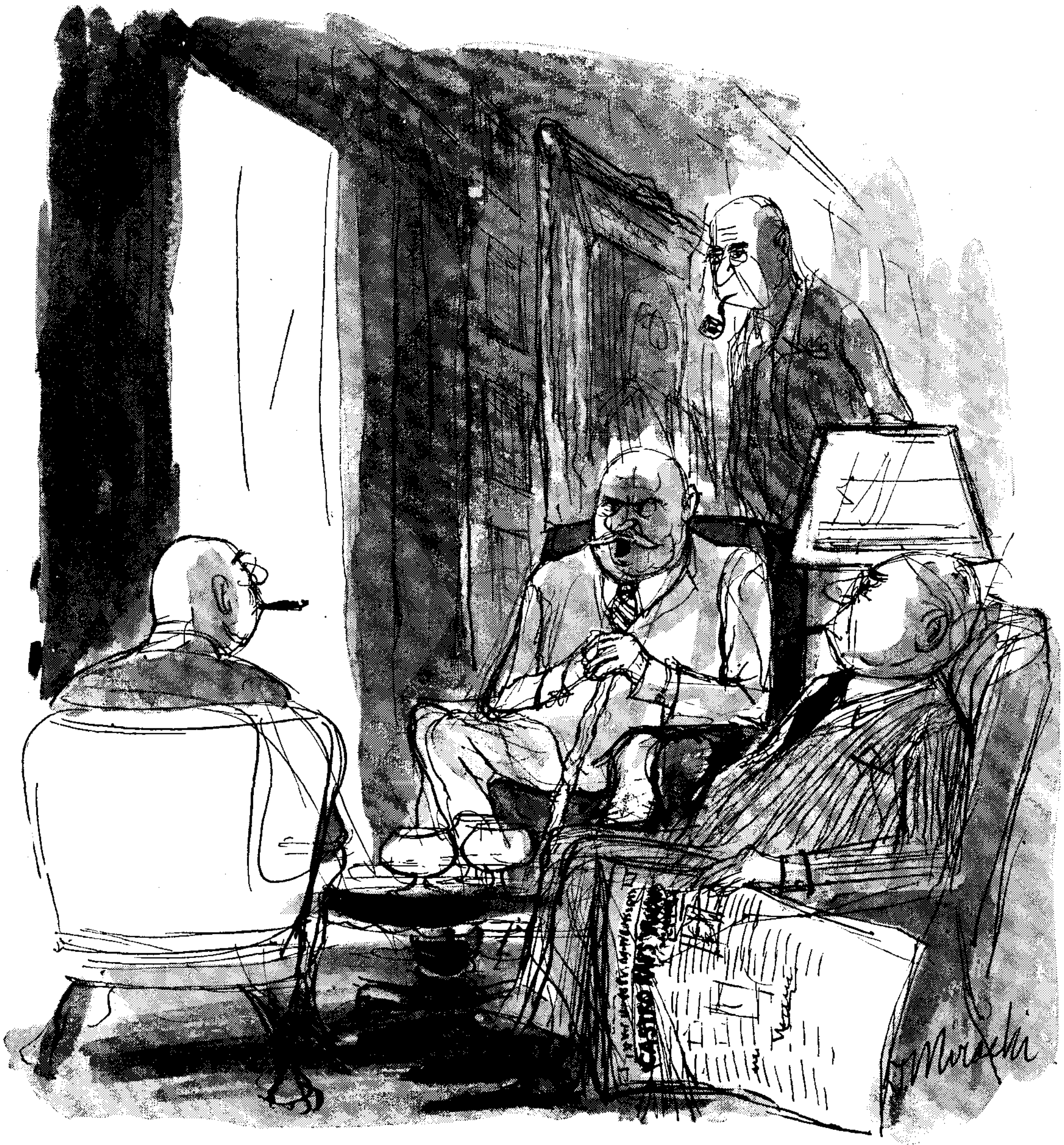
Sidney's subscription always runs out shortly after Christmas. His neatly filled-in renewal blank has just reached our desk, and in it we find a fresh ambiguity to ponder. In the past, he has chosen to subscribe for a single year; this time he's opting—plunging—for two years. Added confidence in us? It may be that, but we like to think that it stands for added confidence in himself as well. After so long, Sidney has apparently decided that we and he are both good for at least a couple of years more. This decision is remarkable not so much because of the magazine's age as because of Sidney's. For Sidney isn't merely an old friend of ours; he's actually the oldest person we know. In a few weeks, he'll be a hundred and four. When we telephoned him in Berlin the other day to check up on his birth date—February 14, 1857, he told us—we found him in excellent voice, as usual, but distressed at our extravagance in calling him from so far away. "Thought it might be bad news," he said. "Nobody around here uses long-distance except for bad news."

We congratulated Sidney on his forthcoming birthday, and asked if longevity ran in the family. "Father died at ninety-six," he said. "Mother went at ninety-two, but it was cancer that did it—no telling how long she might have lasted otherwise. Oldest anybody in our family ever got, before me, was a great-uncle of mine. He was born back around the turn of the century—the nineteenth century, that is—and lived to celebrate, at nearly a hundred, his fiftieth wedding anniversary with his third wife." When Sidney himself was born, Pierce was in the White House, the country consisted of thirty-one states, with a total population of 23,191,876, and there were people alive who had known Washington, Kant, Mozart, and other eighteenth-century giants. Sidney's great-grandchildren will live far past the year 2000, which is to say that Sidney has contrived to bridge the eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first centuries. We started to speculate on this prodigious span of time, but Sidney cut us off. "Land!" he said. "This is costing you money. Things don't change as much as you young folks think they do. The sooner you hang up, the sooner we can both get back to work. Time and tide wait for no man."

Our salute, then, on the first day of 1961, to Sidney Roby, of Orchard Road, Berlin, Connecticut, old friend, loyal subscriber, impatient bridger of centuries. We'll do our best to please him for the next two years.

Tinkerers

AMATEUR scientists form a little-known but not unimportant subculture in American society. Their spokesman is Mr. C. L. Stong, and the accepted forum for their ideas is Mr. Stong's column, "The Amateur Scientist," which has appeared monthly since 1952 in the pages of that admirable magazine *Scientific American*. Simon & Schuster has recently published a book derived from Mr. Stong's column; with a matter-of-factness characteristic of him and his fellow-amateurs and uncharacteristic of most contemporary book titles, it's called "The *Scientific American* Book of Projects for the Amateur Scientist." You know exactly what you're getting—and getting in for—when you buy that book, and you know exactly where you are when you talk with its author, as we've just been privileged to do. A fifty-eight-year-old native son of Iowa, Mr. Stong has



"You know what old Teddy Roosevelt would have done? Teddy would have been right down there charging up San Juan Hill, that's what."

• •

fading but by no means thinning red hair and agreeably craggy features. He holds the office of general information manager of Western Electric, and our interview took place at that firm's headquarters, on lower Broadway.

First off, we asked Mr. Stong to define "amateur scientists." "Introverts," he said. "Compulsive tinkerers. They relax by doing, not talking. They're reclusive by nature, but I think they grow even more reclusive for fear of being thought mad by non-tinkerers. Before I started my column, I spent a year trying to uncover a single functioning amateur scientist besides myself. I finally located a businessman upstate who, with the help of one of those silvered spheres that people put in their gardens, had succeeded in demonstrating what had been up to then a merely suspected correlation between minor earth tremors and weather changes. Once I'd got him into print, correspondence started trickling in from other tinkerers. Now my mail is full of wonderful ideas and gadgets, such as this one." Mr. Stong pulled from his pocket what appeared to be a rather battered hypodermic syringe, capped at one end by a disc of tinfoil. "A retired telephone man in Pennsylvania devised it," he said. "A classically simple, elegant, and efficient instrument for determining the metabolism of a mouse."

Mr. Stong's explanation of how one determines the metabolism of a mouse was (perhaps mercifully) over our head, so we pressed him to tell us something about amateur scientists as people. "Over the years, I've collected as many figures as I could—attendance records of conventions of amateur astronomers, of holders of ham radio licenses, and so on—in order to make a calculation of the total number of amateur scientists in this country," he said. "I've reached the conclusion that there are more than a million of us. About forty per cent of the amateurs I hear from are professional scientists who qualify because they tinker in their spare time with supposedly useless projects outside their own fields. Take Vannevar Bush, whose proper subjects are physics and electrical engineering. For the past ten years, in association with John Early Jackson, director of the Defense Department's Office of Atomic, Biological, and Chemical Warfare, Bush has spent a lot of odd moments tinkering with an old-fashioned pendulum, hoping to make it tell time as accurately as a quartz-crystal oscillator does. The great thing about amateur projects is that one can never tell whether they're useless or not. Long ago, we had such distinguished amateurs as Robert Boyle, who formulated the law to the effect that the volume of a gas varies inversely with the pressure upon it; Henry Cavendish, who weighed the earth; and William Gilbert, who discovered terrestrial magnetism. It was an amateur who discovered the planet Pluto. An amateur scientist usually wants to know why more than how. A child asking his father why a pebble is smooth is laying the groundwork for a scientific project. There are thousands of interesting scientific questions that we amateurs can try to answer—questions the professionals would get around to if they weren't so busy elsewhere."

What had prompted Mr. Stong to become an amateur scientist? The sight of a steam-driven threshing machine passing along the road in front of his father's house, in Iowa, when he was six. "The idea that an object could move without an animal's pulling it fired my imagination," he said. "I couldn't rest till I'd built a steam engine. Then I got interested in chemistry. My father had a lot of attractive chemicals among the insecticides he used on the farm, and one day I unwittingly made some nitroglycerin and blew up an outbuilding. I went to work for Western Electric thirty-odd years ago, inventing things. Later, I got interested in writing up inventions. Tinkering with both things *and* words, I was bound to end up writing a column. When my non-tinkering friends ask what good all the projects are that I write about, I tell them what Professor Comstock, of Cornell, said when he was asked what good spiders are. 'Spiders are damned interesting,' the Professor said. 'That's what good spiders are.' "

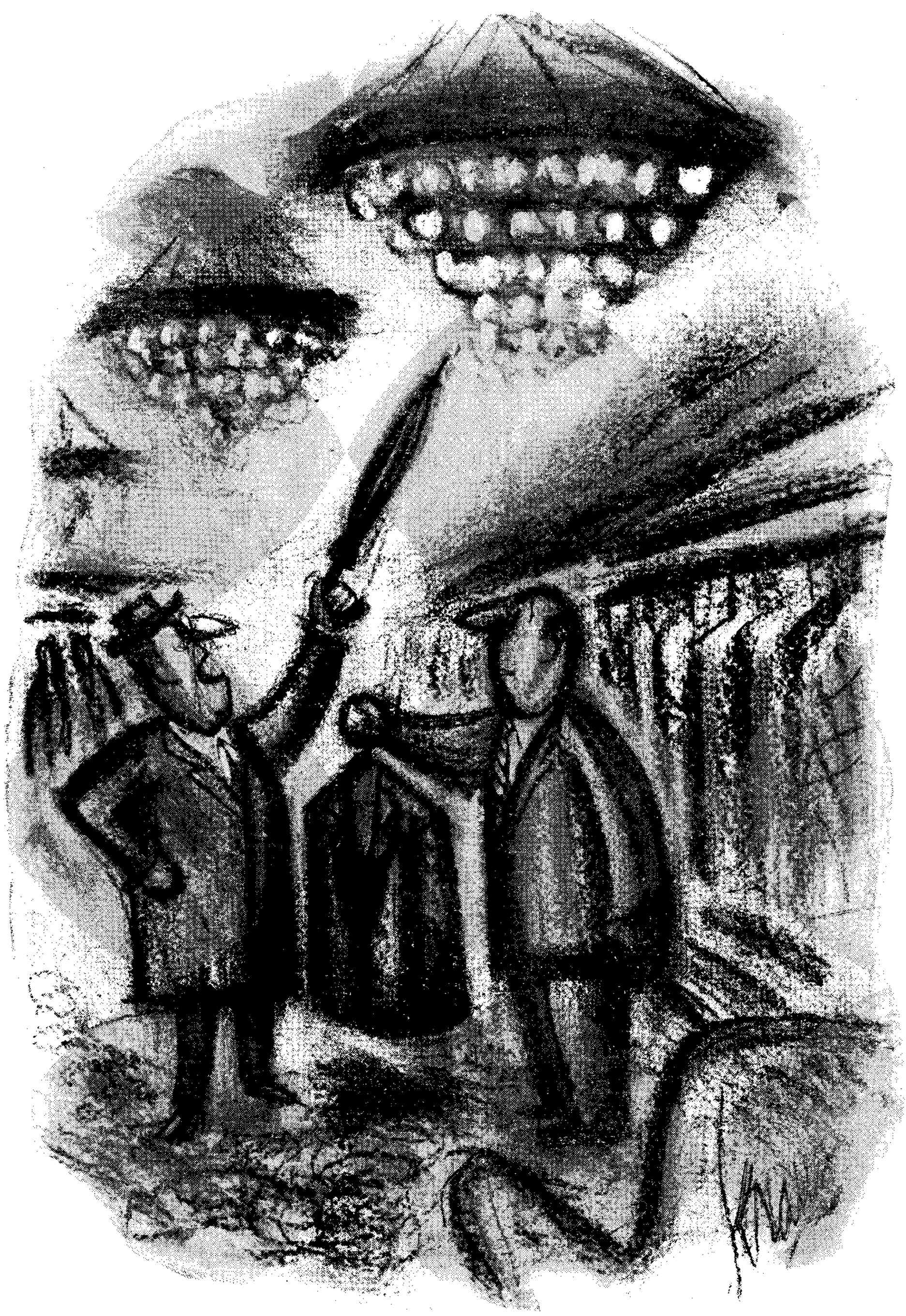
* * *

OVERHEARD in a Peter Cooper Village playground, young matron to her small daughter: "How many times have I told you never to get involved in the emotional difficulties of other children?"

Long-Winded Lady

AGAIN we have heard from our friend the long-winded lady, who writes as follows:

"I am one of those morning-newspaper readers who turn first to the obituary page. If I see that someone I know—someone I have heard of, even—is dead, I am astonished, and usually sorry. If I see no name that is familiar to me, I am relieved, or even glad, and I suppose it is in order to atone for this increased sense of life, which comes to me as a free gift from the daily lists of the unknown dead, that I always give my complete attention to reading through the accounts of their lives, and always look at their photographs, and I can hardly bear it if they are smiling. It may be curiosity that drives me to the obituary pages, but the impulse behind that curiosity—if it is curiosity—is far more interesting and mysterious than the curiosity itself, and I might talk for a long time before I could reach the truth of it, and I might never reach the truth of it, and at the moment I have to continue, because I am all taken up with the story of a stranger, a restaurant keeper, who died this past summer and whose obituary I do *not* remember seeing in the pages of the morning newspaper. His name was Philippe. The restaurant that was his domain is in a lovely block in the East Sixties, and it has one of those comfortable, promising names, like La Belle Poire or Le Chat Extraordinaire, that remind you of seventeen or thirty-seven other good French restaurants in the city and make you think that it is time to revisit your favorite among them. I never saw Philippe, and I had never heard of his restaurant until one fine evening in the middle of August, when I was wandering around after looking at apartments and suddenly became aware that in this particularly cozy block of small art galleries and antique shops and dress shops there was a small French restaurant, and that it was *open*—then, at that time of year, when almost all the restaurants that you want to go to are closed for a long vacation. I had already passed it while I was looking at it, and I turned back and took a good look. It seemed to be a *very* small restaurant, and it looked very welcoming. I went in. It was a few minutes past six, and they had only just opened the place for the evening. The room was cool and dim after the warmth and brightness outside, and the tables were all dressed up and festive, and there were flowers here and there and a shine of color from the bottles over the bar at the back, but it was empty—no customers. There were five or six waiters standing talking, and when I came in they looked at me with surprise and expectancy, as though they were certain I must be, or could only



"I hope the cost of those fancy chandeliers isn't included in the price of the suit."

be, the herald of a great rush of customers. There was a time when I used to feel uneasy about taking up a table all to myself in a restaurant, but I have improved since then, and so I quickly informed the waiters that I was only what I appeared to be, one person, and then I refused the table they offered me, and sat down at another one, just as good. Two waiters, who may or may not have been aware of my small triumph, hurried over, and one of them handed me an enormous menu and the other poured a great deal of water into my water goblet. I began to read the menu, and in a minute or two a small man in black, the host, hurried in from the kitchen or wherever he had been and asked me politely if I would like a drink. I said yes, and what. Then I ordered dinner. Then I took out the book that I generally carry with me in my handbag, because it diverts me when there is nothing to listen to and camouflages my eavesdropping when there is something to listen to, and I began to read. A good while passed—I had nearly finished dinner—and then another customer came in, a man by himself. This time, the host was on the spot, and he greeted the new man with a smile and with words of recognition and joy and showed him to a table that was close to mine. The man looked very much at home, and he nodded across the room to all the waiters and glanced about the place as though he knew it well. Then he leaned forward to look back down the room and past the bar toward the kitchen.

" 'Where's Philippe?' he asked. 'I ran into a friend of his in Edinburgh this summer.'

"The host stopped smiling *at once*. 'Oh, Monsieur,' he said, 'Philippe is no longer with us.'

"Now the customer stopped smiling. 'No longer *with* you?' he said, almost shouting.

"The host looked wretchedly nervous, and he hesitated. 'You see,' he said, 'Philippe passed away this summer.'

"There was some murmuring between them that I could not catch, and after that the guest said, almost rudely, 'All right, then, I'll have a Rob Roy. A *sweet* Rob Roy.' He began to read the menu with great care, holding it close to his face, and when the drink came he reached around the menu for it and began to drink it behind the menu, almost with secrecy, as though he were ashamed of himself. He ordered dinner with no enthusiasm, and I felt very sorry for him, and even more sorry for Philippe, who must have loved his restaurant and would have been dismayed to know that he was now only a ghost at his own feast.

"I left the restaurant then, and thought no more about it until a few nights ago, when I remembered how nice it was and went over there for dinner. I arrived just before seven, and there were quite a lot of tables occupied and more people drifting in all the time, and again and again I saw the little host go through the same gloomy explanation that he had given before about Philippe. Many of the people who were coming in were obviously old customers. The host hurried hospitably forward to greet each of the new arrivals, but it was easy to see that although he was glad to see them, he also dreaded seeing them. In the period since my first visit there, Philippe had passed from being a distressing ghost to being the skeleton who rattles and will not get into the cupboard and be still. I was sorry about that. I thought it might have been a good idea for Philippe's colleagues to greet every returning old customer with a glass of champagne in which to toast their dead friend, but since this was not done, I can only hope that Philippe's long and dreary wake will soon be over. I think he would have hated it. I hope that his next incarnation, when his bones cease their rattling, will be amid pleasant things that would have been familiar to him, amid sounds—the sounds of a prosperous and friendly restaurant at its best hour, the sounds from the kitchen when it is busiest, and the sounds of corks being drawn from bottles and of ice being shaken and of knives and forks and of waiters' questioning voices and of customers in cheerful conversation over a good dinner, sounds that we all know and that signify perhaps the most amiable moments of our days, wherever we are, or, as we all happen to be, in the midst of life."

Quiet, Please

AN English friend of ours reports that he wandered into the television department of Selfridges, in London, on the day the Oxford-Cambridge Rugby match was being played. None of the sets were on, and our friend suggested to a clerk that one of them be put into action, so that he could find out how the game was progressing.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the clerk, "but we couldn't do that."

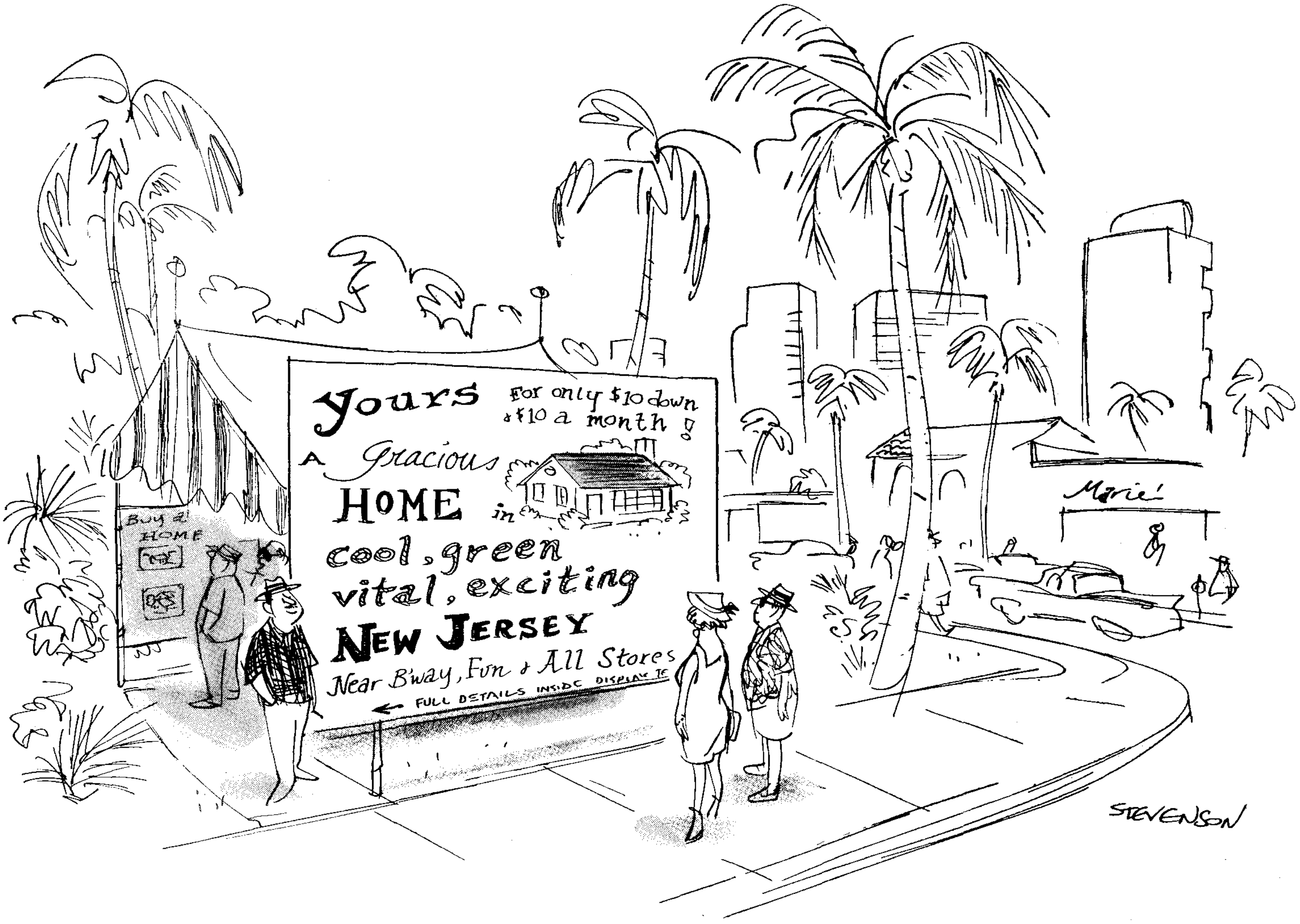
"Aren't the sets hooked up?" our friend inquired.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the clerk, "but if we tuned one in, it might draw a crowd."

Picasso's Sparkplug

THANKS to the arrival in these parts of Albert Skira, of Geneva, who is possibly the greatest publisher of color-reproduction art books in the world, we are in a position to offer first-hand evidence that the Swiss have not altogether abandoned themselves to hotelkeeping, banking, and the manufacture of cheese, chocolate, and cuckoo clocks. Mr. Skira started out, to be sure, as a clerk with the Crédit Suisse, but after three years, during which his salary rose from six to fifteen dollars a month, he turned to organizing fêtes in hotels, then to bookselling, and, finally, to book publishing. Let him tell the tale in his own words, as he obligingly did when we buttonholed him at a party given at the Plaza by the World Publishing Company, his American distributors, to celebrate the publication of his firm's "Chinese Painting," by James Cahill, which contains a hundred color reproductions of Chinese art from the second to the eighteenth century.

"I come of an old Tessinois family," said Mr. Skira, a slender, crinkly-faced, ruddy, blue-eyed, clean-shaven man of fifty-six. "The Tessinois live in the canton of Tessin, or Ticino—the Italian-speaking part of Switzerland. I was the only child of a heating engineer, who died when I was sixteen; a year or two later, there was no money for me to continue my education beyond technical school, where I'd been studying to be a technician in applied mechanics. The Crédit Suisse took me on as a clerk. I was interested in the organization of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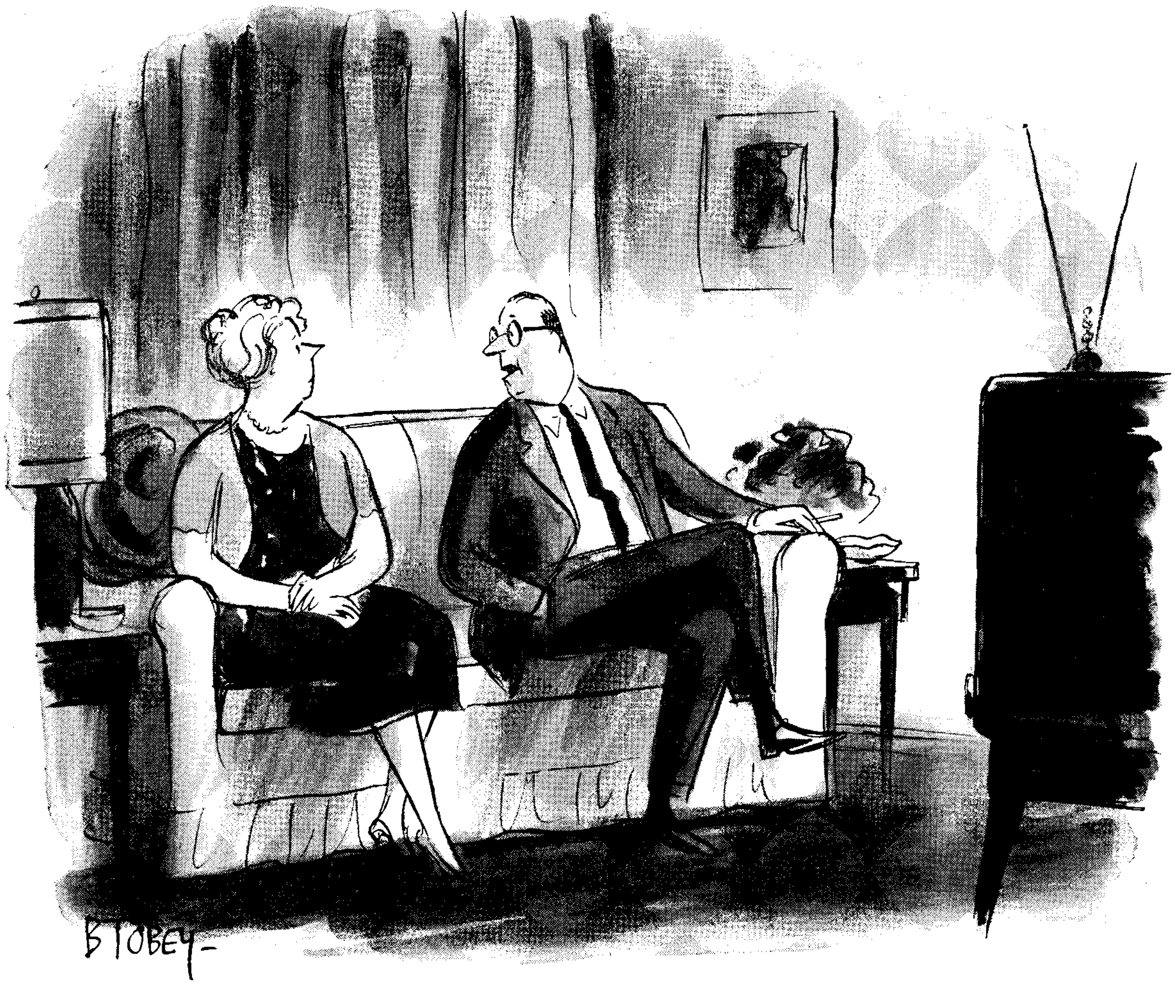
the bank, but I didn't feel I had much future there. I'm now one of its clients. Well, when I was twenty-one, a friend in the hotel business hired me to organize fêtes in his hotel, and from there I went on to other hotels, all over Switzerland and the French Riviera. I learned to dance. I engaged orchestras. It was congenial work, better paid than banking, and it gave me the time, and money, to collect illustrated books. I'd been interested in them since my early teens, when my piano teacher—a Russian, who never made me practice much—opened my eyes to the history of music, art, and literature."

After a couple of years of organizing fêtes and buying books, Mr. Skira met a lady librarian in Lausanne—he was dancing attendance on the Lausanne-Palace Hotel at the time—who advised him to go into the book business, and so shaped his life. "*J'ai abandonné mes cérémonies*," he said. "I packed a big valise of books and went to Paris, where I installed myself in a small hotel. To find clients, I picked the names of twenty doctors out of the telephone book—all French physicians are supposed to be bibliophiles, you know—and began to phone them. The first fifteen hung up on me. The sixteenth said, 'Come to see me.' *C'était un grand jour de ma vie!* I stayed with him an hour, and he bought most of my valise. I was saved! Hope beckoned! He recommended me to other doctors, and I bought and sold more books. But I was not content. I wanted to edit and publish books illustrated by painters whom I liked, such as Picasso. My music teacher had introduced me to Picasso's work when I was fifteen, and I had saved part of my allowance for a year to buy a gouache of his, for thirty dollars, but I had never met him."

Mr. Skira got on the phone again, and called Picasso's Paris number every day for a year. "Every day, a woman said, '*M. Picasso n'est pas là*,'" he told us. "One day in 1928, at a party, I met a Rumanian boy who asked me what I did. 'I call Picasso up every day,' I said. 'That's all I do.' He said that he knew the widow of the poet Apollinaire, a great friend of Picasso's, and that he would take me to her, and that *she* would call Picasso. I said, '*C'est magnifique*.' Well, I went to see Jacqueline Apollinaire, and she was sympathetic. She seized the telephone, and Picasso *was* there. 'I have a young Swiss friend who wants to see you,' she said. '*Mais demain*,' Picasso said. *C'était le deuxième grand jour de ma vie!* I called on Picasso, and he said, 'What do you want?' 'I want to do a book with you, and have you illustrate it,' I told him. 'I'm very expensive,' he said. 'Never mind,' I said, although I had no money. 'What book?' he said, and added, 'You choose it.' I said I wanted a book in which everything changed—women into fish, and so on—and we settled on Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.' I suggested that he do fifteen full-page etchings, one for each chapter, and he agreed, at twenty thousand francs—eight hundred dollars—a plate. 'We'll have a contract,' I said. 'I've never signed a contract in my life,' he said, but he finally agreed. I borrowed a typewriter from my hotel and wrote a letter, which he signed the next day. A while later, I decided that we should have thirty etchings, so I persuaded him to do fifteen half-page ones at half price. I *thought* I had persuaded him. After eight months, he had done nothing. I had called on him every day, but he had still done nothing. He said he didn't want to see me, but I kept calling. One day, the concierge said he had gone to Juan-les-Pins. I went there the next day. Picasso



"I remember the way you looked when Ginger Rogers looked like that."

• •

threw up his hands and said, 'I always say yes to get rid of people, but now I know I have to do this book if I want any peace.' He made an etching, but it was too abstract and had little connection with the book. He returned to Paris and did nothing more on the book. More than a year had passed, and I had lost all hope. He had refused an advance. Then came the *troisième grand jour de ma vie*. One night, when I hadn't seen him for four months, I called him up at his château, near Gisors. 'Oh, I've done fifteen etchings,' he said. I had a Citroën, and I drove out there at once. The etchings were done. They were marvellous. I embraced him. I was so happy! But my *cauchemar* was not finished. I had to wait six months for the other fifteen. On October 25, 1931, his fiftieth birthday, the book was published. I printed a hundred and twenty-five copies, priced at four hundred dollars, and showed one to Marie and Averell Harriman, in Paris. I had met them through Dr. G. F. Reber, the Swiss book collector. Mrs. Harriman saved me. She exhibited the book at her New York gallery, gave a big party for it and me, and bought half the edition. I think she sold the first copy to George Gershwin."

It took Mr. Skira six years to dispose of the remaining copies, in Europe. "Today, the 'Métamorphoses' costs around eight thousand dollars, if you can find a copy," he said. "I have only one myself. I had established an office in Lausanne in 1929, although I was living mostly in Paris, and in 1932 I brought out 'Les Poésies de Mallarmé,' illustrated by Matisse. Matisse was the exact opposite of Picasso. He *wanted* a contract, and he delivered promptly. In 1933, a friend and I began to publish an art magazine called *Minotaure*. Its first cover was by Picasso, and others were painted by Matisse, Miró, Masson, Duchamp, Derain, and Max Ernst. It was supposed to be a quarterly, but often money was wanting, and in six years we produced only thirteen issues, in editions of twenty-five hundred to four thousand copies, depending on how much money we had. We charged seventy-five French francs—about three dollars—for four issues; a complete set now fetches four or five hundred dollars, if you can find one. I don't have a complete edition myself. *C'était une belle époque.*"

During this *époque*, Mr. Skira brought out "Les Chants de Maldoror," illustrated by Dali; started a series of portfolios called Masterpieces of French Painting; and, in 1937, married an Italian girl, Rosabianca Venturi. She is a daughter of a friend of his, Lionello Venturi, the art critic. In 1941, during the German occupation of Paris, the Skiras went to Geneva, where Skira has since published such series as Great Centuries of Painting; The Taste of Our Time; Painting, Color, History; Contemporary Trends; and Treasures of Asia, the first volume of which is "Chinese Painting." "All in all, we've issued a hundred and five volumes, most of them in French, German, and English," Mr. Skira told us. "Now that we've gone into the Orient with China, we'll follow with the art of Persia, Japan, Arabia, India, and Central Asia. I hope to start a magazine to show inaccessible art, such as that in Tiflis. The provisional name of the magazine is *Révélation*. I make this revelation to you for the first time."

Literal

NEAR our office the other day, in the aftermath of the big snow, we saw three gallant gentlemen trying to help a woman driver whose sedan was stuck in a snowbank. As we watched, unable to join in the rescue effort because we were loaded down with packages, we heard one of the men issue instructions to the snowbound lady. "When I yell 'O.K.,' " he said, "give her the gas."

The lady nodded, the men braced, the instructor shouted "O.K.," and nothing happened.

The maneuver was tried once more. Then one of the Samaritans shouted, "Hey, the rear wheels aren't moving! Lady, did you put the car in gear?"

"All you said," the lady replied, with some asperity, "was to give her the gas."

THE SPREADING "YOU KNOW"

THE latest blight to afflict the spoken word in the United States is the rapidly spreading reiteration of the phrase "*you* know." I don't know just when it began moving like a rainstorm through the language, but I tremble at its increasing garbling of meaning, ruining of rhythm, and drumming upon my hapless ears. One man, in a phone conversation with me last summer, used the phrase thirty-four times in about five minutes, by my own count; a young matron in Chicago got seven "*you* know"s into one wavy sentence, and I have also heard it as far west as Denver, where an otherwise charming woman at a garden party in August said it almost as often as a whippoorwill says "Whippoorwill." Once, speaking of whippoorwills, I was waked after midnight by one of those feathered hellions, and lay there counting his chants. He got up to a hundred and fifty-eight and then suddenly said "Whip—" and stopped dead. I like to believe that his mate, at the end of her patience, finally let him have it.

My unfortunate tendency to count "*you* know"s is practically making a female whippoorwill out of me. Listening to a radio commentator not long ago discussing the recent General Assembly meeting of the United Nations, I thought I was going mad when I heard him using "*you* know" as a noun, until I realized that he had shortened "United Nations Organization" to "UNO" and was pronouncing it, you know, as if it were "*you* know."

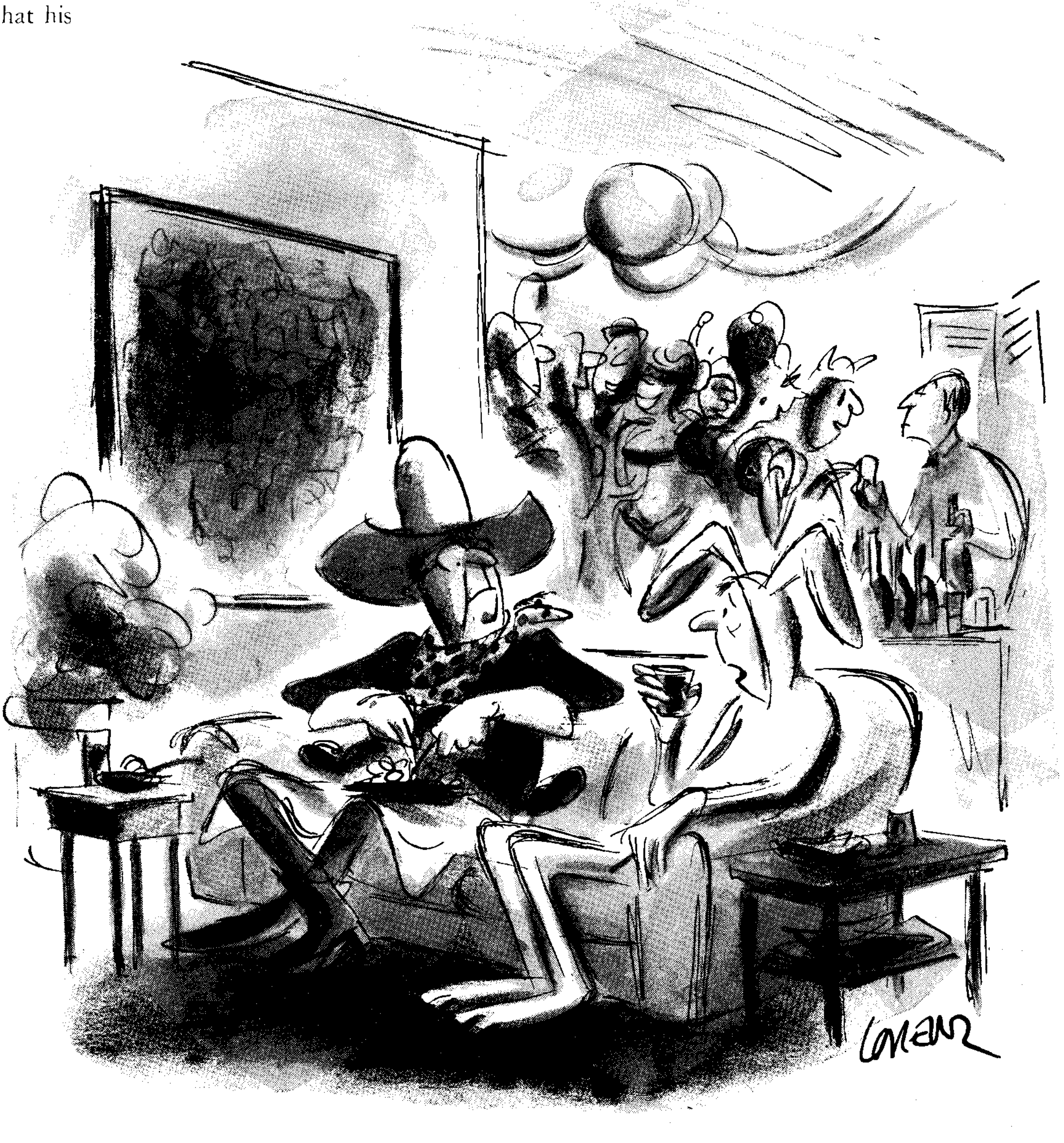
A typical example of speech *you*-knowed to death goes like this: "The other day I saw, *you* know, Harry Johnson, the, *you* know, former publicity man for, *you* know, the Charteris Publishing Company, and, *you* know, what he wanted to talk about, strangely enough, was, *you* know, something you'd never guess. . . ."

This curse may have originated simultaneously on Broadway and in Hollywood, where such curses often originate. About twenty-five years ago, or perhaps longer, theatre and movie people jammed their sentences with "you know what I mean?," which was soon shortened to "you *know*?" That had followed the overuse, in the nineteen-twenties, of "you see?" or just plain "see?" These blights often disappear finally, but a few have stayed and will continue to stay, such as "well" and "I mean to say" and "I mean" and "the fact is." Others seem to have mercifully passed out of lingo into limbo, such as, to go back a long way, "Twenty-three, skiddoo" and "So's your old man" and "I don't know nothin' from nothin' " and "Believe you me." About five years ago, both men and women were saying things like "He has a new Cadillac job with a built-in bar deal in the back seat," and in 1958 almost everything anybody mentioned, or even wrote about, was "triggered." Arguments were triggered, and allergies, and divorces, and even love affairs. This gun-and-bomb verb seemed to make the jumpiest of the jumpy even jumpier, but it has almost died out now, and I trust that I have not triggered its revival.

It was in Paris, from late 1918 until early 1920, that there was a glut—an American glut, to be sure—of "You said it" and "You can say that again," and an American Marine I knew, from Montana, could not speak any sentence of agreement or concurrence without saying, "It *is*, you *know*." Fortunately, that perhaps original use of "*you* know" did not seem to be imported into America.

I am reluctantly making notes for a possible future volume to be called "A Farewell to Speech" or "The Decline and Fall of the King's English." I hope and pray that I shall not have to write the book. Maybe everything, or at least the language, will clear up before it is too late. Let's face it, it better had, that's for sure, and I don't mean maybe.

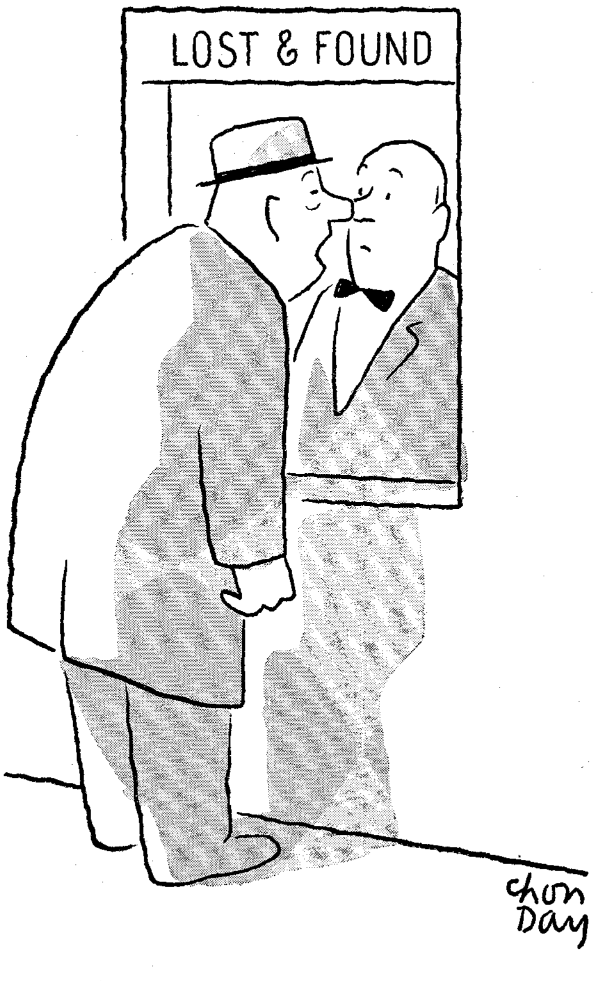
—JAMES THURBER



"Do you realize there will be a billion Chinese by 1975?"

EXACTLY EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS EXACTLY

WHAT had once been a pleasant country club, its members consisting largely of young couples on the way up, was now an "industrial park;" and on the old site of the tennis courts was a long, low, windowless building, a laboratory for research in synthetics. The clubhouse was still recognizable beneath the renovations that had converted it into executive offices, but the first and eighteenth fairways were levelled off and covered with blacktop, a parking area for the plant employees. At approximately the location of the second tee there was a roped-off space, with a sign that warned against getting too close to the helicopter that transported plant officials to the municipal airport. One reminder of the former character of the place remained: a golf cart carried officials from the helicopters to the executive offices. A ten-foot-high fence surrounded the entire property and above the fence was strung barbed wire. The fence proper was painted white, but there is no way to make barbed wire look like anything but barbed wire.



"They were a pair of executive bifocals in a brown tortoise-shell frame."

The man in the small Renault stopped his car at the gate, and a man in uniform, with a badge that said "Security Officer" and a revolver holster, bent over to speak to the driver of the car. "Good afternoon, sir. May I help you?" The "may" sounded false and sissy, as though it seemed false and sissy to the officer himself.

"Yes, thanks. I'm here to see Mr. D'Avlon."

"Yes sir. Name please?"

"Mr. Charles D'Avlon," said the driver of the car.

"Oh, right. You're expected, Mr. D'Avlon." The guard could not refrain from a surprised look at the small car. "Will you just pin this badge on your lapel and return it to the officer on duty on your way out?" Charles D'Avlon accepted a plastic square which had a safety pin attached to the reverse side; on the obverse side was printed "VISITOR—D'Avlon Industries—355—This badge must be worn at all times while visitor is on Company property. Please return to Security Officer, Main Gate, on completion of visit."

"Where do I park?"

"A space reserved for you, No. 355, Executive Parking. That'll be that third row. One, two, three. Please leave your key in the car."

"Oh? Why?"

"That's regulations, sir. All cars."

"My brother's, too?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Henry D'Avlon leaves his key in the car just the same as I do."

"A somewhat different car from mine, though, I imagine."

"Well, you see that black-and-gray Rolls? That's your brother's. But the key's in it just the same. That's in case we have to move the cars in a hurry."

"In an emergency?"

"Correct."

"Such as an explosion?"

"Any emergency that comes up," said the guard. He did not like the word "explosion" or the slightly frivolous tone of D'Avlon's remark. "By the time you get your car parked the escort will be there to escort you to Executive Reception." The guard went back into his glass sentry box and picked up the telephone. D'Avlon drove to the parking space.

The escort was a younger man in a uniform similar to the guard's but without the revolver. "Your first visit, I understand," said the escort.

"My first visit to the plant. I've been here before, but when it was a golf club."

"Oh, yes. That was quite some time ago."

"I would think before you were born."

"I guess *so*," said the young man.

"Are we waiting for someone else?"

"Just waiting for you to pin your badge on."

"Even if I'm with you?"

"Everybody has to wear his badge. You wouldn't get ten feet without it."

"What would happen to me?"

"Be detained. If you didn't have a satisfactory explanation you'd be arrested for trespassing. You saw all those signs on the fence. This is a pretty efficient operation."

"Is that since the explosion?"

"We've always taken security precautions here," said the young man, evasively.

"Why don't *you* carry a gun?"

"What makes you think I don't?" The young man reached in his pocket and brought out a .25 automatic. "It's no .38 but a lot of women have got rid of a lot of husbands with one of these. They aren't bulky, slip into your pants pocket, and some visitors don't feel right walking with a man with a holster. But if you hit a man in the throat with one of these slugs, he wouldn't be much use."

"Can you hit a man in the throat?"

"In the eye, with a little time and the right distance. Some cops call it a jealousy gun. And we practice firing it. The women don't even practice, and look what they do with it. It's a mean little fellow. This way, sir."

The handsome young woman in Executive Reception bowed and smiled at Charles D'Avlon and apparently pushed a button that released the lock on the door into a corridor. At any rate she did not speak to D'Avlon or to the young security officer. "This way, sir," said the young man. They rode one flight up in an automatic elevator, then proceeded to the end of the second-story corridor, to a door marked "President." The young man held that door open for Charles D'Avlon, and a man rose to greet the stranger.

"O.K., Mr. Lester?" said the security officer.

"O.K., Van," said the man addressed. He was about forty-five, wore half-shell glasses and a blue four-in-hand that was embroidered with what appeared to be a long exclamation point. His dark-blue suit had narrow lapels and his pocket handkerchief, neatly folded, showed enough to reveal, in the very center, the initials D. W. L. "Have a seat, Mr. D'Avlon. Your brother will be right with you. You have a nice trip out?"

"Out from town, or out from Connecticut?"

"Well—from Connecticut."

"Oh, it was all right. Gave me a chance to see a lot of the country."

"Didn't you use to live here?"

"Oh, sure. We were born here, but it's all changed. I used to play golf here when I was a young man. Do you know where you're sitting?"

"How do you mean?"

"You're sitting in the ladies' can. That's what this was. The ladies' locker room."

"I wasn't with the company then."

"There wasn't any company then."

"No, I guess not," said Mr. Lester. He sat with his hands folded on his desk.

"Go ahead with your work, if you want to. Don't let me hold you up," said Charles D'Avlon.

"I'm waiting for— There he is," said Mr. Lester. He rose as the door at his right was opened.

"Hello, Chiz," said the man in the doorway. "Come on in."

"Hello, Henry," said Charles D'Avlon. The brothers shook hands and Charles entered the president's office.

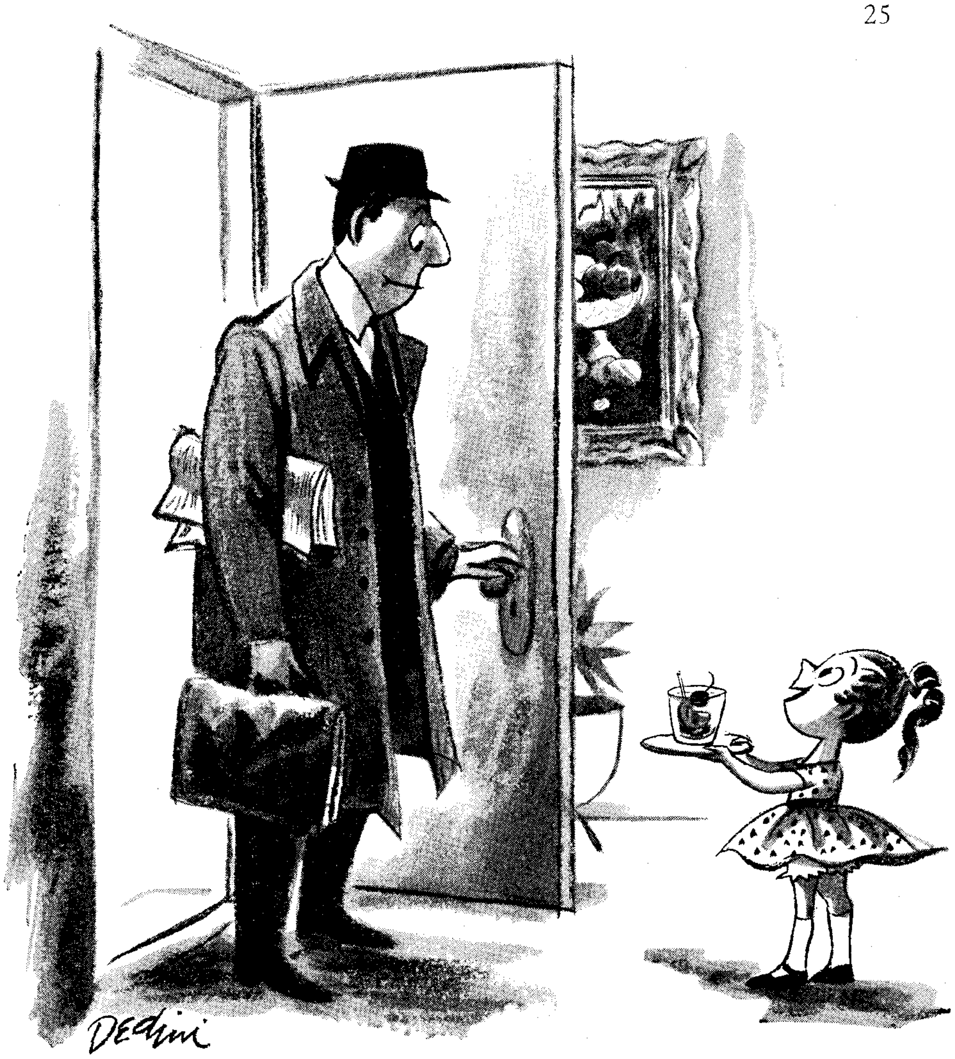
It was a corner room with a magnificent view of the rolling countryside and a distant mountain. "I was just telling your man Lester, his office is in the ladies' can."

"Well, that proves one thing," said Henry. "You haven't changed much. You always like to throw people a little off balance."

"Don't be disagreeable, Henry. It's tough enough to be here under the circumstances. Don't make it tougher."

"Chiz, you're the one that always makes things tougher for yourself."

"I didn't say you made things tougher. I just said they were tough enough. I swore I'd never ask you for a nickel, but here I am."



"Mother won't be home until six. What kind of a day did you have?"

"Yes," said Henry. "Well, we got right to the point. How much do you want?"

"A lot."

"Oh, I guessed that. If it was a little you wouldn't feel you had to make such a long trip. How much, Chiz?"

"Eight thousand dollars."

"All right. But why eight? Why not five, or why not ten? I'm curious to know how you arrived at the figure eight thousand."

"I thought it would sound businesslike."

"As though you'd figured it out very carefully. O.K., it does," said Henry. He spoke into the intercom on his desk. "Dale, will you make out a check, my personal account, eight thousand dollars, payable to Charles W. D'Avlon, and bring it in for my signature as soon as it's made out? Thank you."

"Aren't you interested in what I want it for?" said Charles.

"Not very much. You have some story, and it comes to eight thousand dollars. You probably need five, but you thought you might as well get three extra."

"That's right," said Charles. "But I hate to waste the story. I had a good one."

"Write it and sell it to a magazine."

"I can't write. If I could write I'd have plenty of material, but first you said you were interested in why I said eight thousand, and in the next breath you don't want to hear my story."

"I wanted to see if you'd admit it was a story. If you hadn't admitted it I'd have had the check made out for four thousand. But you were frank, and that's as close as you ever come to being honest. So you get your eight thousand."

"If I'd known it was going to be this easy—"

"No. You might have got ten, but no more."

"Then give me ten."

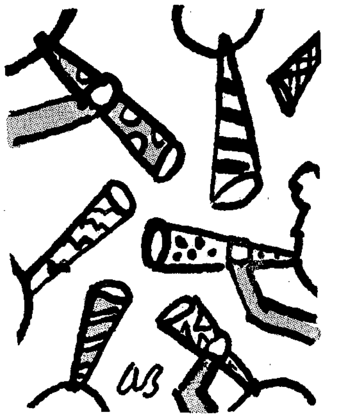
"Not a chance," said Henry. There were two light taps on the door. Lester came in and laid the check on Henry's desk and departed. Henry signed and pushed the check toward his brother.

"Check protector and everything. Exactly eight thousand exactly," said Charles. "Now I'm interested to know why you gave me any money at all. You didn't have to. Does it give you a sense of power? Does it go with that Rolls-Royce you have down there, and all this high-powered security stuff?"

"To a certain extent I guess it does. But there's more to it than that, Chiz."

"Of course."

"You see, I've always wondered when you'd finally put the touch on me. Not that I lie awake nights, but I knew you would someday. And now you have, for eight thousand dollars. I'm getting off light. Because you must know damn well that this is all you'll ever get from me."



"That occurred to me."

"When we were boys and you used to knock me around I used to feel sort of sorry for you. You'd beat the hell out of me and walk away with something of mine. A fielder's glove, or a necktie. And what you didn't know was that I was dying to *give* you the God-damned glove or tie. Anything you asked for of mine, you could have had. But you preferred violence and theft, and naturally I could take only so much and then I began to hate you."

"And still do."

"Does that surprise you? Yes. Because as you grew older that was the way you were with everybody, all through your life. If you look out that window you'll see a research laboratory where the tennis courts used to be. One night after a dance I was getting in that little Oakland I had, that Grandmother gave me for my twenty-first birthday. You ought to remember it, you smashed it up, you son of a bitch. Anyway, I didn't have a date and I was by myself and I heard a girl crying. It was Mary Radley, sitting on the bench between the first and second courts. She was ashamed to go back to the clubhouse with her dress all torn. You. You didn't have to be brutal with Mary Radley. Nobody did, but especially you. But that was your way, and that was when I first realized that it wasn't just a question of being a bully to your kid brother. You were a bully, net."

"O.K.," said Charles. "Well, it's your turn to be the bully. Thanks for the money."

"Wait a minute. I haven't finished. I want you to hear a few things, and you'll damn well listen or I'll stop payment on that check."

"Captive audience. All right," said Charles.

"You've never changed. Both your wives took all they could stand, your children don't want to be anywhere near you. Have you ever wondered why?"

"Not very much. The children were brought up by their mothers, and their mothers saw to it that I didn't get any of the best of it. I wrote them off very early."

"Not your daughter. You showed up at her graduation and made her leave her mother and stepfather to go on some excursion with you. Whimsical cruelty, that was. Because you then sent her back to her mother and never did any more about her. Not a thing, financially or otherwise."

"Her mother has plenty of glue. One thing I did for my children was make sure they had rich mothers."

"Yes. Who also could afford *you* before there were any children, and after."

"The fact of the matter is that both my wives proposed to me, Henry."

"I have no doubt of it. You were very skillful. I understand your first wife forced you to accept a wedding present of two hundred thousand dollars."

"Two-fifty. A quarter of a million. All long since gone, I regret to say."

"But your second wife—"

"An ironbound trust. I couldn't get my hooks on any of that. Where did you find out so much about my affairs?"

"When I was around trying to raise the money to get this business started, I encountered a certain amount of resistance because of the name. Even when they found out I wasn't you, people were still very dubious, especially New York and Philadelphia people. Don't ever go back to Philadelphia, Chiz. They really don't like you there."

"I'm desolated."

"You're not, but you ought to be."

"I really am. There are a couple of rich widows in Philadelphia that could make me entirely independent of people like you. But the Girard Trust Company and that other one, they probably take a dim view of me. It's too bad, too, because both of these women, or I should say either one of them could make me comfortable in my old age. I'm crowding sixty, you know."

"Oh, I know."

"The next fifteen years, I don't look forward to them the way things are at present. You may have to take me on as a night watchman."

"Fat chance. And that brings me to another point I was going to make. Or my earlier point about your being a bully. Do you realize that before you came in this room I already knew that you'd been shooting off your mouth about the explosion we had here three years ago? Our security people couldn't believe their ears. The first man you talked to lost a brother in that explosion. The second man, the young fellow, was very badly burned and had to have skin-grafting operations that took over a year. But your feeble jokes, aside from any question of taste, were your way of bullying people, the way you used to be to caddies and waiters when this was the club. Five men were killed in that explosion, and it's no joke around here. It's no joke anywhere. For your information, both security officers were convinced that you were an impostor, that you weren't my brother at all. For your additional information, Chiz, I wish they'd been right."

Charles D'Avlon rose. "Well, that sounds pretty final," he said. He went over to the window and looked out at the laboratory. "Mary Radley," he said. "She was certainly a little tramp."

—John O'Hara

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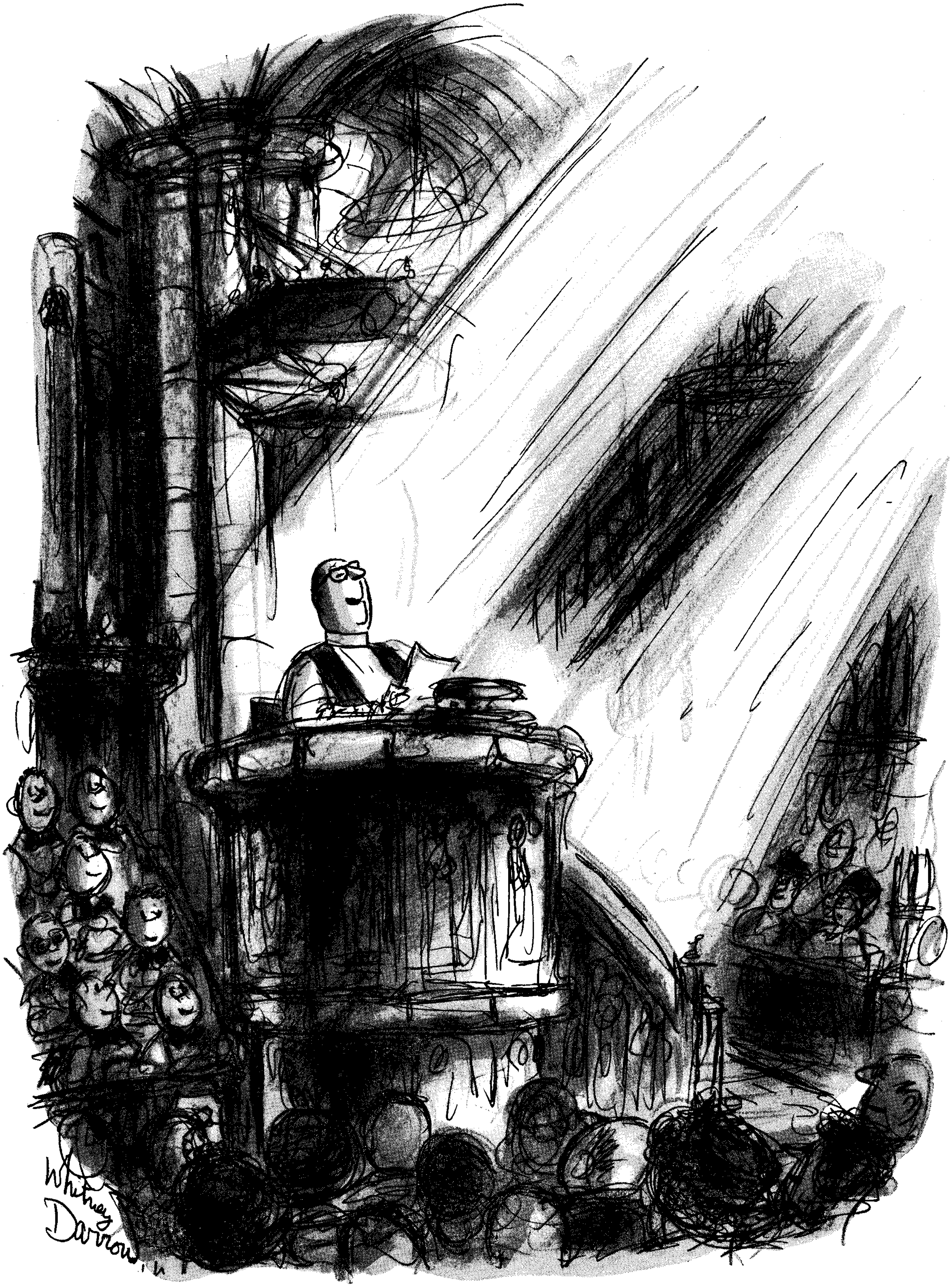
ANOTHER YEAR COME

I have nothing new to ask of you,
Future, heaven of the poor.
I am still wearing the same things.

I am still begging the same question
By the same light,
Eating the same stone,

And the hands of the clock still knock without entering.

—W. S. Merwin


Whitney Darrow, Jr

". . . and in the Young Adults' Friday Night League, by a twelve-pin margin, the Strikers clobbered the Hurricanes for a leg-up on the Title Cup."

THREE EVENLY SPACED CHEERS FOR THE COMPULSIVES

We have a person here named Doris, folks, who is in a bad way, or *thinks* she is. This Doris is what we call compulsive. According to her letter, which appeared not long ago in "Ann Landers Says," a syndicated column of advice carried by the *World-Telegram*, Doris, whenever she leaves her house, has to go to the kitchen and check to be sure all the gas jets are off, even though she hasn't used the stove during the day. Then, when she goes out her front door, she feels compelled to try her doorknob "from the outside four times—once for each member of the family." Doris also has a compulsion about the way she enters her mother-in-law's house when she calls on her every Sunday. "I have the habit," she writes, "of stepping into her house with my right on that visit." (I think we may assume that Doris meant to say that she steps into her mother-in-law's house with her right *foot*, though it is possible that another of her problems is that she has a compulsion not to use the word "foot." Many people have a thing about feet, preferring not to mention them at all, and Doris may be the type who, when applying for a job or entertaining her husband's boss for the first time, just wants to put her *best* forward.) She asks, at the conclusion of her letter, "Please tell me what all this means, and if you think I'm losing my mind."

What Miss Landers replied was that a few secret mannerisms, so long as they don't interfere with daily living, are nothing to become alarmed about. She suggested that Doris lead with her left foot when calling on her mother-in-law next Sunday and also "make a special effort to be friendly." Then Miss Landers added a rather astonishing invitation: "I invite all readers to jot down their secret compulsions (no matter how odd) and send them to me as the first step in getting rid of them."

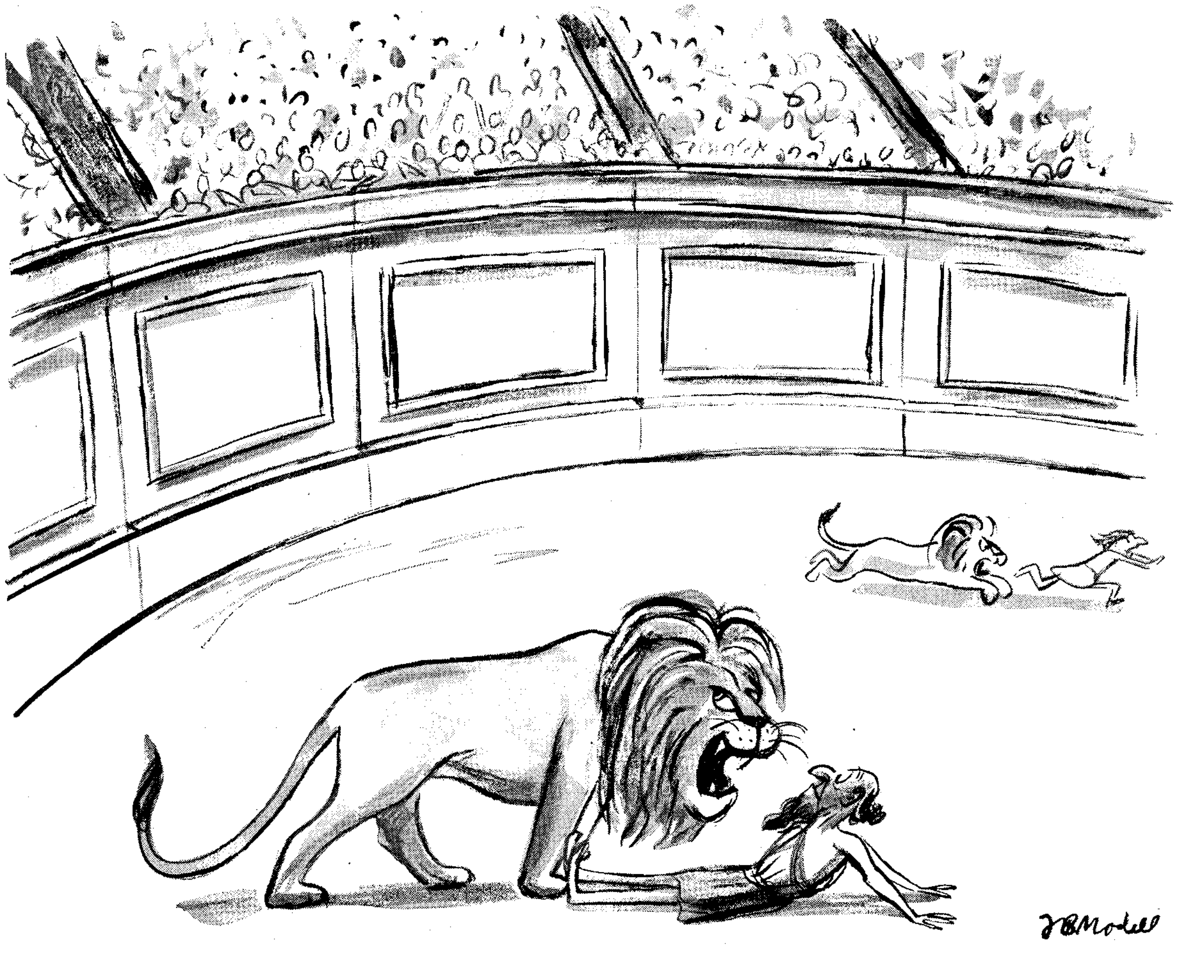
Now, after doing some checking, I am convinced that Miss Landers is in for a surprise. I have been asking my friends about their compulsions, and whether they wanted to get rid of them. They have all said they wouldn't get rid of them for the world. "What do you think I'd have a compulsion for if I didn't love it?" was a typical comment. So it appears to me that while Miss Landers sits around waiting for her readers to take their first steps (left foot, of course) toward recovery, the readers, barring a few silly, confused Dorises who don't know a good thing when they're driven by it, are going to go right on as before.

A COMPULSION, in case you are fuzzy on the subject, should not be confused with a mere habit, the latter being some trifling thing that you simply like to do, whereas a compulsion is something you absolutely have to do, no matter what the consequences. The love of a compulsive for his compulsion is steadfast, loyal, meaningful, and not to be trifled with. If you don't believe this, ask your analyst. Or, cheaper still, ask my friend Randolph.

Randolph is a stockbroker I've known since our days together in freshman English. All these years, Randolph, although he is a Phi Beta Kappa, has had a compulsion to be somebody else, usually the person he's talking with. "If I were *you*," he is fond of saying every other breath. "If I were *you*, I'd get down there tomorrow before the store opens," he will say, directing me to a one-day sale of merchandise I don't want. Or, "If I were you, I shouldn't *think* of going to Haiti this time of year." "If I were you, I'd trade that in tomorrow," he once declared, looking disdainfully at my newly installed hi-fi equipment that I'd not yet even turned on.

"Randolph," I said to him at a party the other evening, "why don't you get a letter off this very night to Ann Landers, and try for God's sake to stop talking in the subjunctive all the time. People nowadays tend to resent it."

"Oh, I know what you're driving at," he said, waving his hand across my face. "I read that column, too. She has a point, I suppose, but her efforts are wasted on me. There is something about an 'if' clause that—I don't know, sets me *up*." He closed his eyes, raised his gin-and-tonic, and smiled dreamily. "Remember, old friend," he said, "remember that to express doubt, uncertainty, unfulfilled wish, or condition contrary to fact is



"I'm with the underground. Play dead."

a way of getting out of oneself, which we all ought to do now and again. *You*, especially. Now, if I were *you*, I'd—" I interrupted him, pretending I'd left a cigarette burning somewhere.

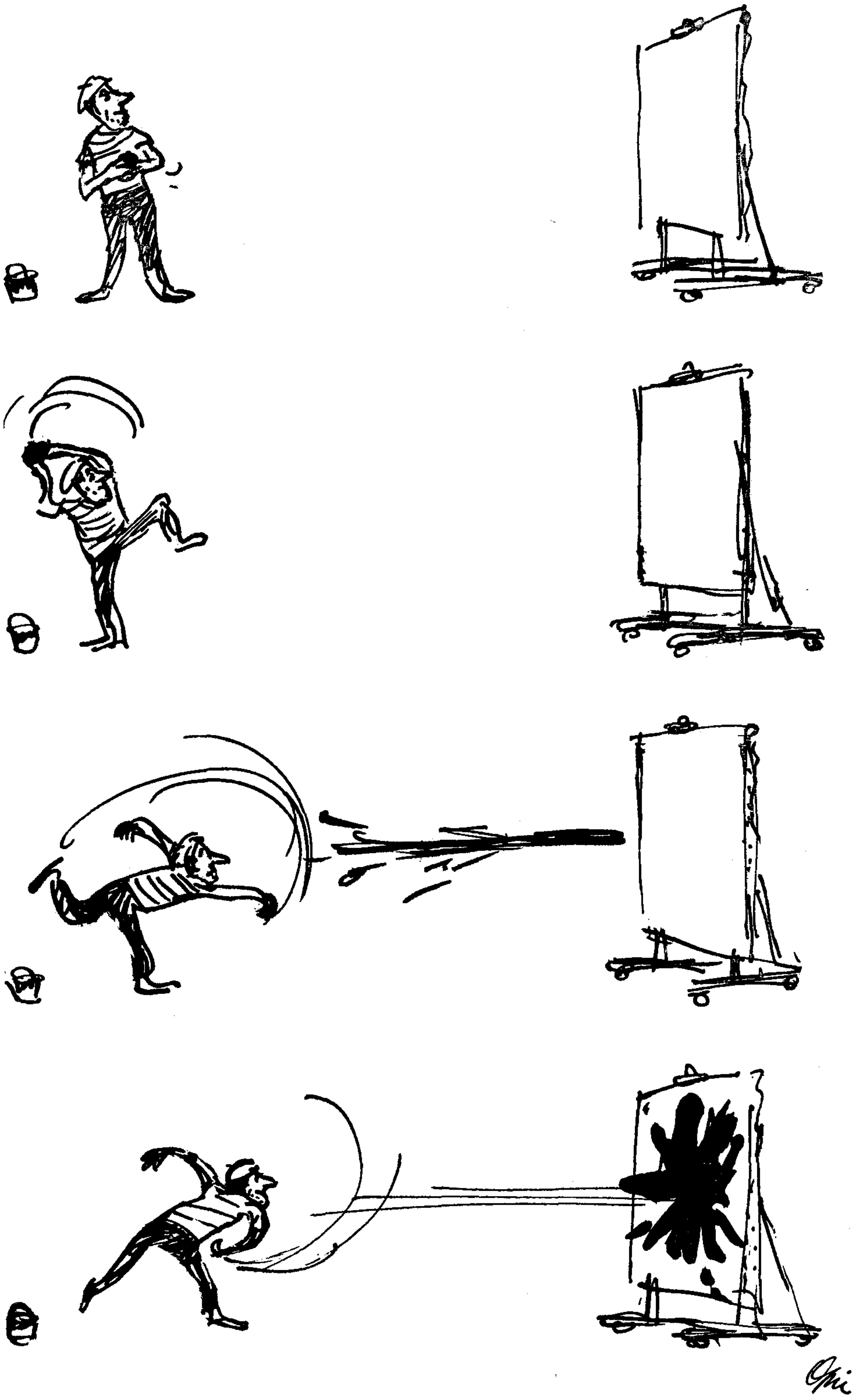
Then we have my friend Loren, who has a compulsion about the strips of paper along the sides of a sheet of postage stamps. He can't stand those strips, and won't have them around. When Loren tears stamps off the sheet to put them on his letters, he spends several minutes folding the perforations and pulling and snipping to get the paper away from the nice neat rectangles of his stamps. If he misses a corner of it and it accidentally gets stuck onto the envelope with the stamp, he soaks the whole business off, removes the offending scrap, and pastes the stamp back on. "It's just something I've always done, buddy," he told me. "And furthermore, it's *my* business. No, I wouldn't write Landers on a bet. In fact, it's getting so I rarely write anyone."

IN an office I often visit there is a man whom his associates call Old T Square, because of his compulsion to keep all his papers, pencils, pens, and other working paraphernalia in perfect alignment, each with the other, and all even with the edges of his desk. They shouldn't call him Old T Square, really. His name is Royal, and he doesn't actually use a T square to keep things lined up. He does it all with his eye. He will push his chair back, put his chin down on his desk to draw a bead on the corner of his "in" box, and then gently and meticulously nudge everything into position. He was nudging, in fact, when I dropped in to see him. I asked him if he wouldn't like to give up, and have a casual-looking desk like everyone else.

Royal straightened his necktie, planted his feet together, and folded his hands on his knees. "Oh, I rather think not," he said, in his slow, measured way. "It is untidiness in high places that has brought the world to its present state of ten-si-on. Documents are set askew, and then what do you have? I understand most of the signatures on the Treaty of Versailles are lopsided. And we have not had a really tidy desk-keeper right in our own White House since Wil-son. All that Roo-se-velt-ian clutter, for example. Ivory an-i-mals headed every *which* way. Am I not right?"

"I'm not sure that you're not," I said as I got up to leave. But Royal was not listening. He was dusting the chair I had vacated, and squaring it with the corner of his desk.

It would be difficult to find a more compulsive compulsive than my friend Cal, a rich, retired, cultivated bachelor who has a noticeable interest in his own upper lip. When Cal speaks, he repeatedly interrupts himself to close his eyes and run the tip of his tongue from one corner of his mouth to the other, swiping off his upper lip.



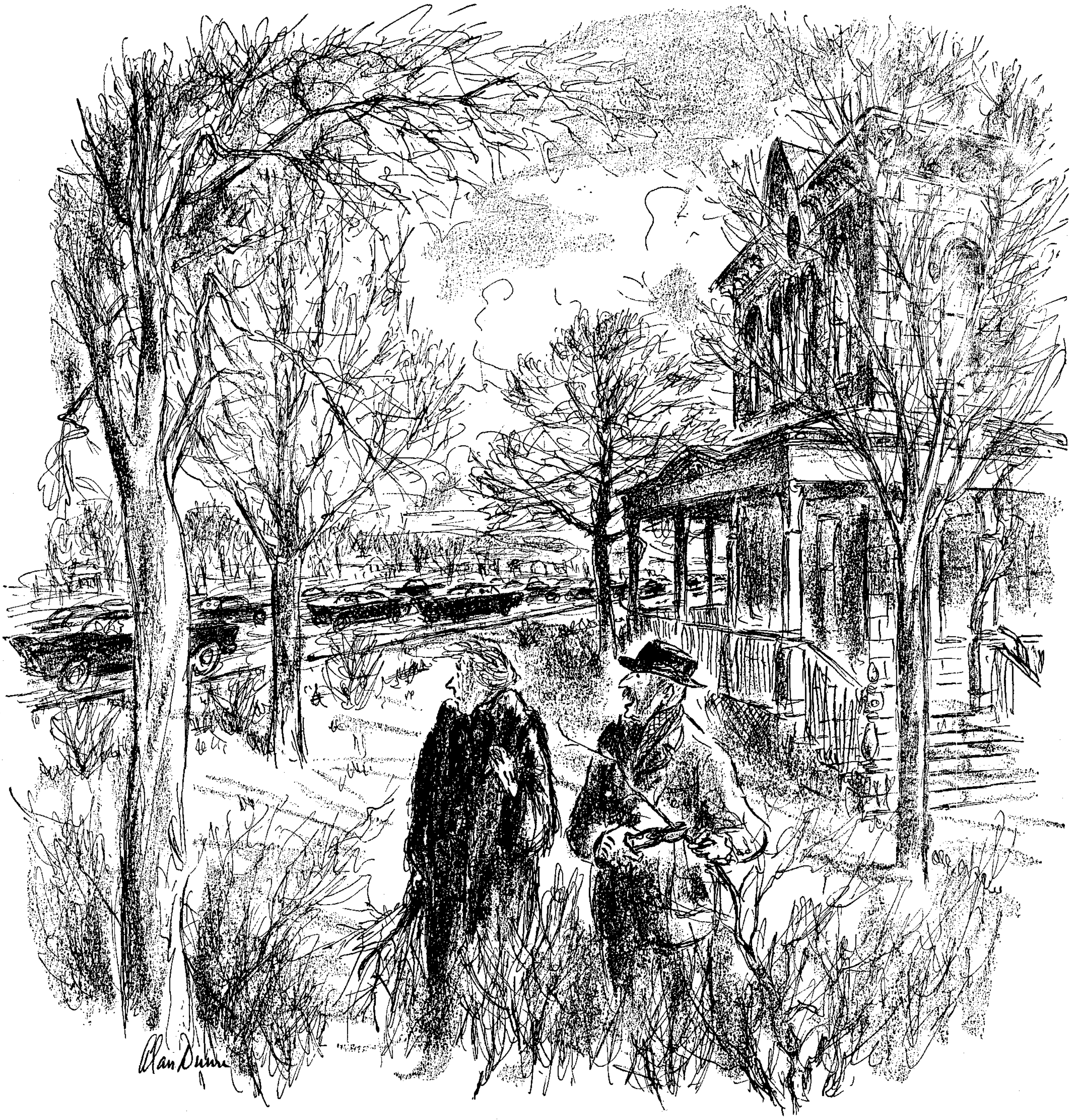
"Is that a compulsion you have there?" I asked Cal last week at lunch, "or only a simple, meaningless habit?"

"As far as I know [swipe], it is a true [swipe] classical compulsion," he said. "What [swipe] of it?"

"Oh, I was just wondering if you wouldn't want to write to Ann Landers about it," I said casually. "As the first step in—"

"Pre[swipe]posterous," he said, with some heat. "Besides, I've never even heard of Ann Landers. But then [swipe] I see only foreign films."

Marking down Cal's case as a bit too complex for consideration here, let us move on to Molly, one of my favorite compulsives. Molly is a plump, fluttery woman in our circle who has little or nothing to say, but you should see how attentively everyone listens to her say it! This is because of her compulsion, which prompts her to preface every re-



"We must try to think of it as progress, Ethel, not just as swish, swish, swish."

• •

mark with "I prolly shouldn't say this, but . . . " Listening to Molly, you have the delightful feeling that you're being let in on secrets, hearing things that should not be heard.

"Your compulsion is the thing I like most about you, dear," I murmured to Molly while we were dancing at the club recently.

"My *what?*" she squealed.

"Your compulsion—that thing you have when you talk. You always start off by saying that what you're going to say shouldn't be said. Such marvellous circumlocution!"

"Listen," she said. "I prolly shouldn't say this, but I never understand *half* the words you use." With that, she cuddled on my shoulder. To have brought up Ann Landers at that point would, I think, have been rude. Who but a cad would want to?

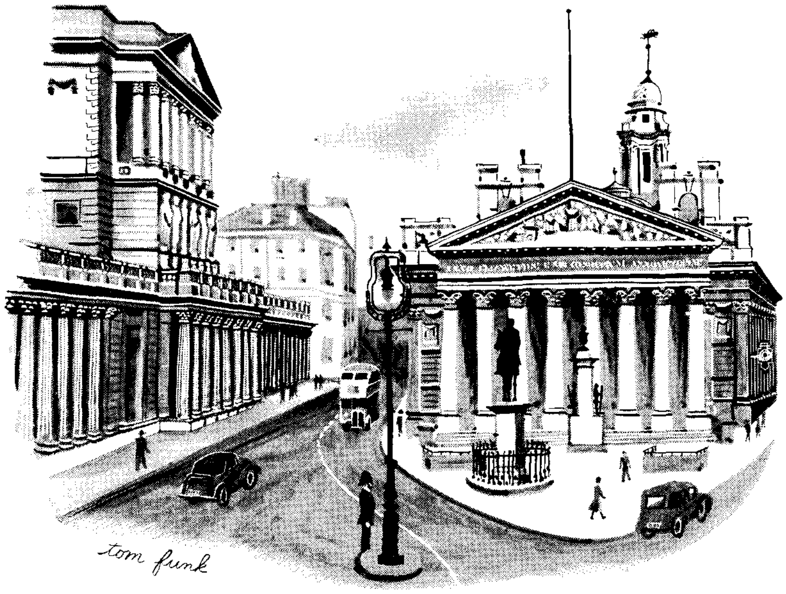
Equally resistive to giving up their compulsions are Joe, who has to be in step when he walks with you, Doyle, who can't start his shower until he gets all the rings of the shower curtain evenly spaced along the rod, and Annette, who has to match up the names with the faces in group pictures, whether they be the ladies of the Remsenburg Garden Club or the board of directors of A.T. & T. So what I have to say to Ann Landers is, "Get wise, kiddo. You're not about to get people to part with their compulsions. They will hang on forever to the things that make them happiest."

And what I have to say to Doris is, "No, Doris, you have not lost your mind, you have gained a mother-in-law. And if it'll give you any more kicks, my child, twist your old front doorknob one *extra* time—for me."

—Hayes B. Jacobs

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THAW ON THREADNEEDLE STREET

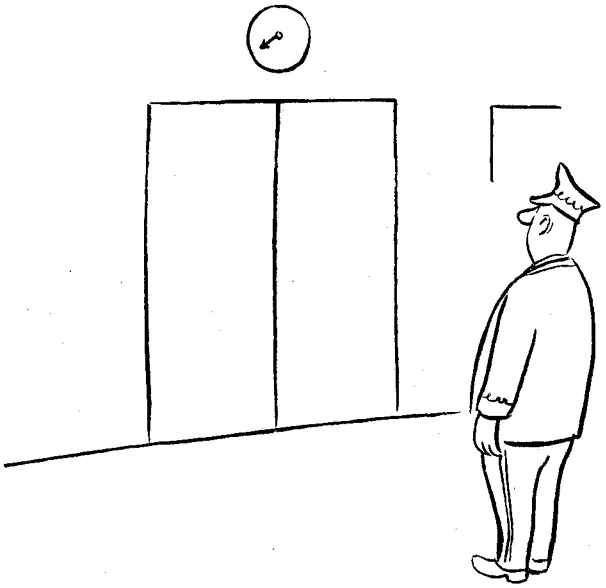


THE nineteenth-century British economist Walter Bagehot called the City—that is, the old City of London, which is the British equivalent of Wall Street—"by far the greatest combination of economical power and economical delicacy that the world has ever seen." What Bagehot meant by "delicacy" undoubtedly embraced, among other things, a reserve sometimes bordering on iciness—particularly in dealings with strangers—that is said to characterize London's financiers in the twentieth century no less than it did in the nineteenth. Even the loyally British publication the *Economist*, of which I have been a sporadic reader for several years, speaks a bit guardedly of the City's "veil of privacy." Such a reputation for cool imperviousness naturally tends to affect an inquisitive transatlantic visitor—and especially one like me, who has spent quite a lot of time snooping around the platforms and board rooms of Wall Street—very much as Mount Everest affected Mallory. So when I found myself on the loose in London for a few days not long ago, I resolved to have a go at cracking the City's reticence; before I was through, I ran into plenty of delicacy, no iciness to speak of, and intimations, at least, of power.

It might be thought—anyway, it was by me—that an American hoping to slip behind the City's veil would need some language training, the local dialect being what it is. I considered myself fortunate in this respect, for my years of puzzling over the *Economist* had amounted to a Berlitz course. As things turned out, though, I was given no opportunity to show that I knew how to translate into British such American terms as mutual funds (unit trusts), installment debt (hire-purchase debt), and investment and commercial banking (merchant banking). Nevertheless, my training served a purpose, for it enabled me to tackle the City with the comforting knowledge that the same, or similar, institutions flourish on both sides of the Atlantic, however different the local folkways may be. A buck is a buck and a quid is a quid; introduce a factor of about 2.81, and bucks turn into quids or quids into bucks. Another confidence-builder was the fact that at the time I was in London, the stock market there was straining toward an all-time high. In Wall Street, I have always found, there is nothing like a good market to thaw out economical delicacy, just as there is nothing like a bad market to freeze it up.

INDEED, when I emerged from the Underground station outside the Bank of England one drizzly morning, I got the impression that the City was in a friendly and expansive mood. Probably this feeling came in considerable part from the presence everywhere of flowers, which are so bleakly absent from Wall Street. As I wandered around the central streets of the City, I discovered that almost every one of the buildings, however massive and soot-blackened, had flower boxes on its window ledges or out on the sidewalk—mainly at that time containing late-blooming varieties, like chrysanthemums. As for the people on the streets, they looked cheerful enough, in a self-possessed way. This was most notably true of certain gentlemen wearing black suits and top hats; these men, I knew, were bill brokers—members of a small and ineffably respectable fraternity whose function is to keep capital flowing around the City by borrowing from firms that temporarily have too much money on hand and lending to firms that haven't enough. Out of curiosity, I followed a bill broker at a decent distance as he proceeded with a purposeful but unhurried stride along Poultry, past Old Jewry, and on to the corner of Queen Street, where he met another of his kind. The two of them nodded, their hats giving the gesture a certain exaggerated quality, and after conversing for a moment on the sidewalk they both entered a building labelled Ghana Commercial Bank. Capital, I took it, would soon be flowing.

Circling back, I began to notice right and left the City's similarities to Wall Street—or, rather, to avoid provincial ethnocentrism, Wall Street's similarities to the City. There were the same long black cars disgorging men of substance in front of their offices. There were the same little alleys largely monopolized by pedestrians, the same new glass-walled buildings interspersed here and there among the predominant heavy old stone ones, the same nondescript side streets lined with loft buildings whose ground floors were occupied by shops selling luggage, office equipment, and stamp collectors' items. (A natural law of money: The presence of great quantities of it tends to impose a certain pattern on the surroundings, the way a magnet imposes a pattern on iron filings.) Furthermore, the old (and now no longer functioning) Royal Exchange, a Corinthian temple standing at the key intersection of the City, where Threadneedle Street and Cornhill meet, suggested our Subtreasury Building—the Corinthian temple at the intersection of Wall and Nassau. Venturing to enter the Royal Exchange, I found that it was now largely given over to an exhibition of City antiquities, including some coins from the time of Julius Caesar, and even earlier. (Another natural law: Money, once established in a certain place, tends to stay there.) Some of the old coins had been unearthed recently, and a sign urged anyone who found such coins, in the course of scrabbling in City soil, to turn them in. With British thoroughness, the sign invoked both authority and reason by pointing out that, 1



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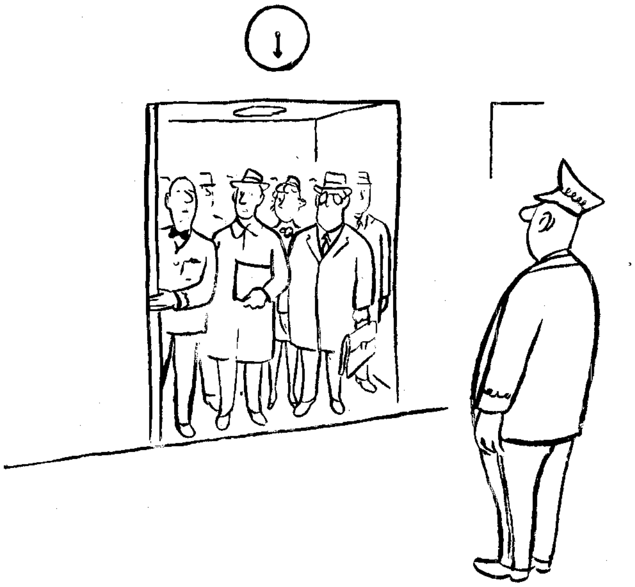

in the first place, the law required that old coins be turned in, and that, in the second, it was to the finders' own advantage to turn them in, since they were worth more as museum pieces than as precious metal.

Glancing back as I left the Royal Exchange, I observed on its architrave the quotation "The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." It was hard—impossible, rather—to resist the cynical thought that insofar as gold bullion may be said to represent the earth's fullness, quite a bit of it just then was the Bank of England's (the Bank is the fiscal agent for the British government), and was at that very moment reposing in the depths of that institution, right across Threadneedle Street from where I was standing. There were some benches on the sidewalk opposite the Bank, and I sat there for a while looking at the building. It reminded me of a mammoth mausoleum, its high ground floor unrelieved by a single window, its doors like those usually found on vaults. Its custodians, however, had not felt impelled to adorn it with flowers. I was thinking that, to judge by the front it presented, the Bank carried reticence well beyond the point of economical delicacy when I saw with a sense of relief—almost of shock—a couple of blithe young secretaries sashay in through that seemingly impenetrable entrance. But they had certain advantages I lacked, and I recalled the experience of an Englishman I had read about who approached the Bank for reasons similar to mine and, on being ushered into the presence of one of its officers, asked what his duties were. "To protect Bank officials from the likes of you, if you don't mind my saying so," the officer replied. I decided to pass up the Bank—at least for that day.

INSTEAD, I started with the London Stock Exchange, knowing that, like all stock exchanges in this age of distributed wealth, it is democratically inclined, and has gone so far as to emulate the New York Stock Exchange by installing a visitors' gallery. I reached the gallery by climbing one flight from an entrance at 8 Throgmorton Street, right around the corner from the Bank, and then walking through a couple of reception rooms decorated with modern furniture, pamphlets, and pretty girl guides. It was all just as it is in New York, except for one thing: in London you can scarcely look at any of the rooms' furnishings—a curtain, say, or a section of wallpaper—without finding a reproduction of the London Stock Exchange coat of arms and motto, "*Dictum Meum Pactum.*" It isn't long before one of the pretty girls helpfully informs you that this means "My word is my bond." The gallery is very much like the New York gallery, except that in London the visitor is separated from the floor by a pane of glass. As for the floor itself, though it is less capacious than New York's, the brokers and traders on it are just as fond of littering it with small pieces of paper and almost as fond of engaging in fake fist fights and other forms of horseplay. The London floor, however, is enviably brightened by the presence around the perimeter of numerous men wearing red-and-navy-blue uniforms and top hats with gold piping, who at intervals utter weird, singsong cries, audible even through the pane of glass and reminiscent of the cries of actors in Japanese *no* drama. Moreover, the London floor has a good many benches. In London, a Stock Exchange membership is called a membership, and it entitles the holder to take a seat; in New York, a Stock Exchange membership is called a seat, and, as I need not remind the toilers at 11 Wall, there is practically no place to sit.

While I watched it all, along with a couple of dozen other visitors, one of the girls offered explanations. She told us that the garishly dressed men were attendants, that their unearthly cries summoned brokers to the telephone, and

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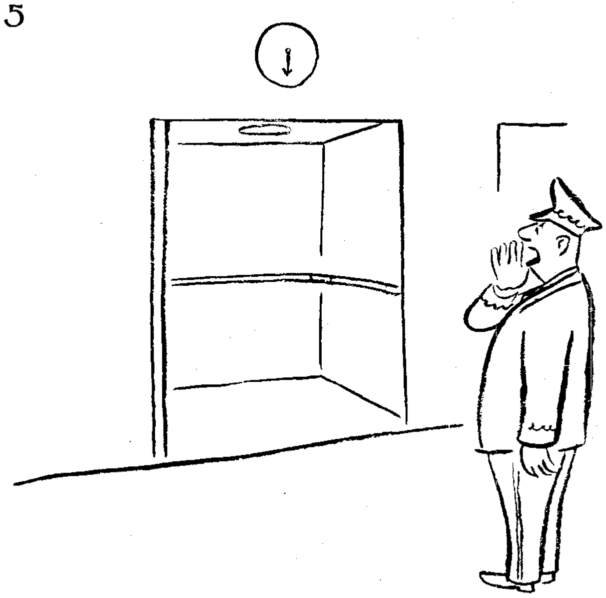
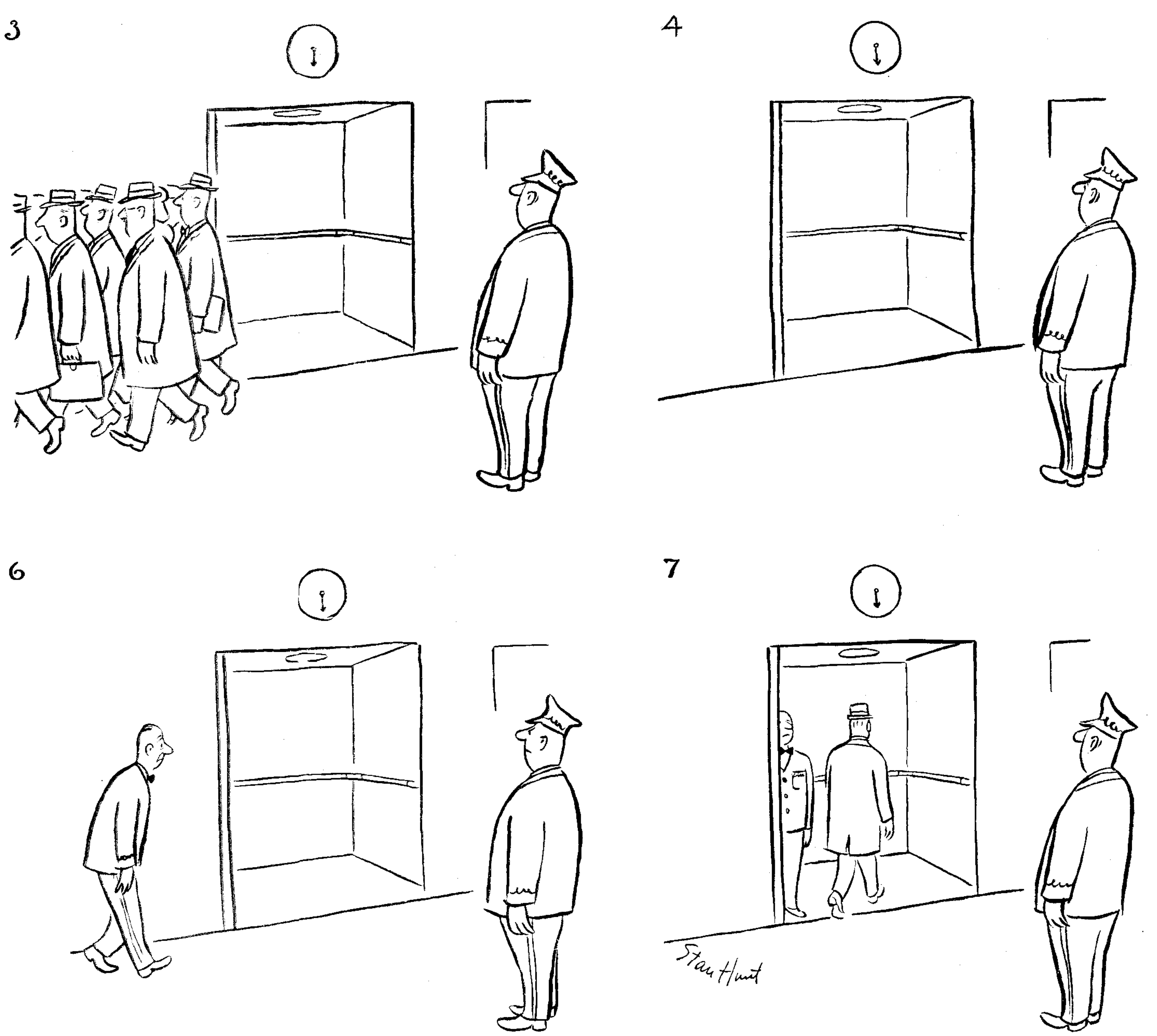




that they are called "waiters" out of deference to the coffeehouse origins of the London Stock Exchange. She also explained that the passage of time toward the end of each trading day is marked by a series of three rattles. The first, at two-fifteen, serves warning that no deals made thereafter will be settled until the following morning; the second informs the members that it is three-fifteen, and time for smokers to light up, if they wish; and the third, fifteen minutes later, announces the closing. Lastly, our guide called our attention to twelve pillars on the floor, around which most of the trading was being done, and said they were known as pitches. Having finished her spiel, she wanted to know if there were any questions.

I had one all ready. "Why are the pillars called pitches?" I asked.

"Why do you call them pillars?" she shot back, giving me a melting smile.

Since I couldn't think of anything to say to that, I assumed that the Old World had stolen a march on the New, until I found out later that she wasn't quite accurate. The pillars themselves aren't called pitches; the trading places at their bases are, because it is there that a dealer—or, to translate the word into British, a "jobber"—makes his pitch.

After the questions and answers, our girl guide led us into a small theatre, where we saw a twenty-three-minute film entitled "My Word Is My Bond." In brilliant color, it outlined the history of the London Stock Exchange and went on to present a little sketch of an apple-cheeked British couple visiting a broker to make their first investment; supposedly showing how the Exchange works today, it was liberally laced with ringing affirmations driven home by kettledrums—affirmations like (and I quote from memory, since it was too dark to write in the theatre) "The City and the Stock Exchange are synonymous with honesty, fair dealing, and integrity." (Bong! Bong!) The New York Stock Exchange has a film, too; it is twenty-seven minutes long, and before getting down, briefly, to the brass tacks of buying stock it presents a hazy pageant of American science and industry, accompanied by ringing affirmations like "Investors have helped create jobs for millions." (No kettledrums.) In cinematic art, I decided, it was a standoff between the two great institutions.

At the end of the film, I asked the guide what the chances were for me to round out my visit by spending five minutes or so with an official of the Exchange. She picked up a phone, and reported a moment later that Mr. Simon Preston, of the public-relations department, would see me right away in his office, on the first floor at 23 Throgmorton Street. I concealed my surprise at learning that the Exchange *had* a public-relations department, and simply thanked the girl and made my way to 23 Throgmorton, where I rose breathtakingly to the first floor (it's one flight up in England, of course) in a contraption that seemed the perfect embodiment of the Exchange's odd mixture of old and new—a nineteenth-century open-grillwork elevator that had been converted to self-service. Mr. Preston, a smiling, fair-haired, youngish man, debonair of manner and public-school of speech, told me apologetically that he might be interrupted while we were talking; one of the companies listed on the Exchange was suspected of some fishy dealings, the Exchange had just turned over certain information to the police, and, as a result of these developments, he was in a bash. He didn't look it, though; he looked as calm as Nelson at Trafalgar. "Been to the gallery, have you?" he said. "You saw 'My Word Is My Bond,' I suppose, and the '*Dictum Meum Pactum*' wallpaper? They adopted that motto when the Exchange was organized, in 1773. Possibly it annoys you slightly? We emphasize it because that is considered one of the nicest aspects of this business—nothing written down, all deals made orally and later adhered to. Same thing on your Exchange, to be sure, but since we have the motto, we like to use it. Admittedly, we rather cherish our traditions. For example, dark suits to be worn on the floor at all times, and black hats, if any. Members occasionally show up wearing funny hats. They are immediately seized upon and torn to pieces by other members. I mean the hats. One old boy wears a straw boater once a year, on his birthday, for a lark. It gets destroyed regularly."

A moment later, a pleasant-looking man entered the room. Mr. Preston introduced him to me as Lord Ritchie of Dundee, chairman of the Stock Exchange Council, and the two men then engaged in a short conversation about the bash. I promised I wouldn't reproduce it, and I won't. *Dictum meum pactum.* When Lord Ritchie had left, Mr. Preston fell into a statistical mood and gave me some figures to account for the greatness of the London Stock Exchange. It lists about ninety-five hundred securities, while fifteen hundred are listed by the New York Stock Exchange. It has about thirty-five hundred members to New York's fourteen hundred. Its members include more than a dozen peers; New York gets whitewashed there. Becoming a member—and I'll drop the comparisons at this point—entails, among other things, buying a nomination from a retired member or the estate of a deceased one; the price of a nomination is regulated by supply and demand, and fluctuates wildly, depending on how appetizing a membership looks at any given time and on how many members have recently retired or died. A nomination costs sixteen hundred pounds now, but a few years ago one went for three pounds. As I gulped at this vision of a lost opportunity, Mr. Preston was interrupted by the telephone, and while he was talking he tossed me a copy of the *Stock Exchange Journal*, from which I learned that an Exchange member named W. G. Barron was chairman of the Committee on Damaged Bonds and Irregular American Certificates. I thought of asking Mr. Preston what that committee was up to, but by the time he hung up, I had decided that the question might smack of economical indelicacy. Instead, I asked him how long the London Stock Exchange had been deigning to bother about public relations. "The visitors' gallery was opened in 1953, the guides were installed in it in 1958, and the film was first shown in 1959," he replied. "Our department didn't come into being as such until the beginning of this year, although the Exchange had been making some sort of stab at public relations ever since the end of the war. Not much was accomplished in that direction, I'm afraid, during the

---

AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

At the Museum of Modern Art you can sit in the lobby
on the foam-rubber couch; you can rest and smoke,
and view whatever the revolving doors express.
You don't have to go into the galleries at all.

In this arena the exhibits are free, have all
the surprises of art—besides something extra:
sensory restlessness, the play of alternation,
expectation in an incessant spray thrown

from heads, hands, the tendons of ankles,
from the shifts and strollings of feet.
Greetings engender compositions on the shining tiles;
pieces glide together, pose gambits—

gestures of design—that scatter, rearrange,
trickle into lines, are turned clicking through a wicket
into rooms where caged colors blotch the walls.
You don't have to go to the movie downstairs

to sit on red plush in the snow and fog
of old-fashioned silence. You can see contemporary
Garbos and Chaplins go by right here.
And there's a mesmeric experimental film

constantly reflected on the flat side of the wide
steel-plate pillar opposite the crenellated window.
Non-objective taxis surging west, on Fifty-third,
liquefy in slippery yellows, dusky crimsons,

pearly mauves, to an accelerated sunset, a roiled
surf, or cloud-curls undulating—their tubular ribbons
like elongations of the oils of light itself
(engine of color) and motion (motor of form).

—MAY SWENSON

• •

HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL
EICKE

STEINBERG
VROOM!
SWOOSH
WHROOM!
ZOOOM
SHROOM!
GEE!...
WOW!
SHROOM?
GULP!
FLASH!

• •

six years of Labour Party rule. The lean years, you know." Mr. Preston smiled a confiding smile, called a secretary, and asked her to bring two cups of tea. "Now, however," he went on, "we like to think we're setting the pace for our neighbors in the City, some of whom tend to be a bit backward in this respect."

DURING the next couple of days, after making some preparatory telephone calls, I went on a whirlwind tour of the City, visiting N. M. Rothschild & Sons, the celebrated merchant-banking firm; Lloyd's, the—well, Lloyd's; Hoare & Co., which has the distinction of being the last surviving private-banking firm in London; and, finally, the Bank of England itself. Again and again, evidence was presented to me that economical delicacy is not necessarily incompatible with hospitality—at least, as long as the guest does not insist on talking specifically about matters economical. Perhaps one explanation of the City's easy self-assurance lies in the fact that it *is* a city, and no mean one; in contrast to Wall Street, London's financial district gets its nickname from something bigger than it is, rather than from something smaller. The City of London is an autonomous county within Greater London, consisting of six hundred and seventy-seven acres along the north bank of the Thames, and bounded by Temple Bar on the west, Aldgate on the east, and London Wall on the north. For centuries, it was the whole of London, and now, even though it is only a tiny section of the metropolis, it stubbornly retains its medieval form of government—a Lord Mayor (or, rather, the ceremonial official still known as *the* Lord Mayor of London), twenty-five aldermen, two hundred and six common councilmen, and a body of liverymen, who, as representatives of the City's trade guilds, are principally charged with the duty of nominating candidates for Lord Mayor. (The guilds haven't concerned themselves with trade for centuries, but they still earn impressive incomes from property and investments, and many of them have splendid headquarters and well-filled treasuries; as Paul Ferris, an Englishman who wrote a book on the City, put it, "Most of their money is spent on schools, charities, and good food and drink.") Again in contrast to Wall Street, the vote in the City is extended to owners and renters of property as well as to its few residents, and this means that its government is in the hands of the financiers who work there, even though nearly all of them live somewhere else. Just as a good part of London, run by the London County Council, is firmly Labour, so the City is firmly Tory, as what banker or broker wouldn't be who hopes for a chance to serve a year's term as Lord Mayor of London?

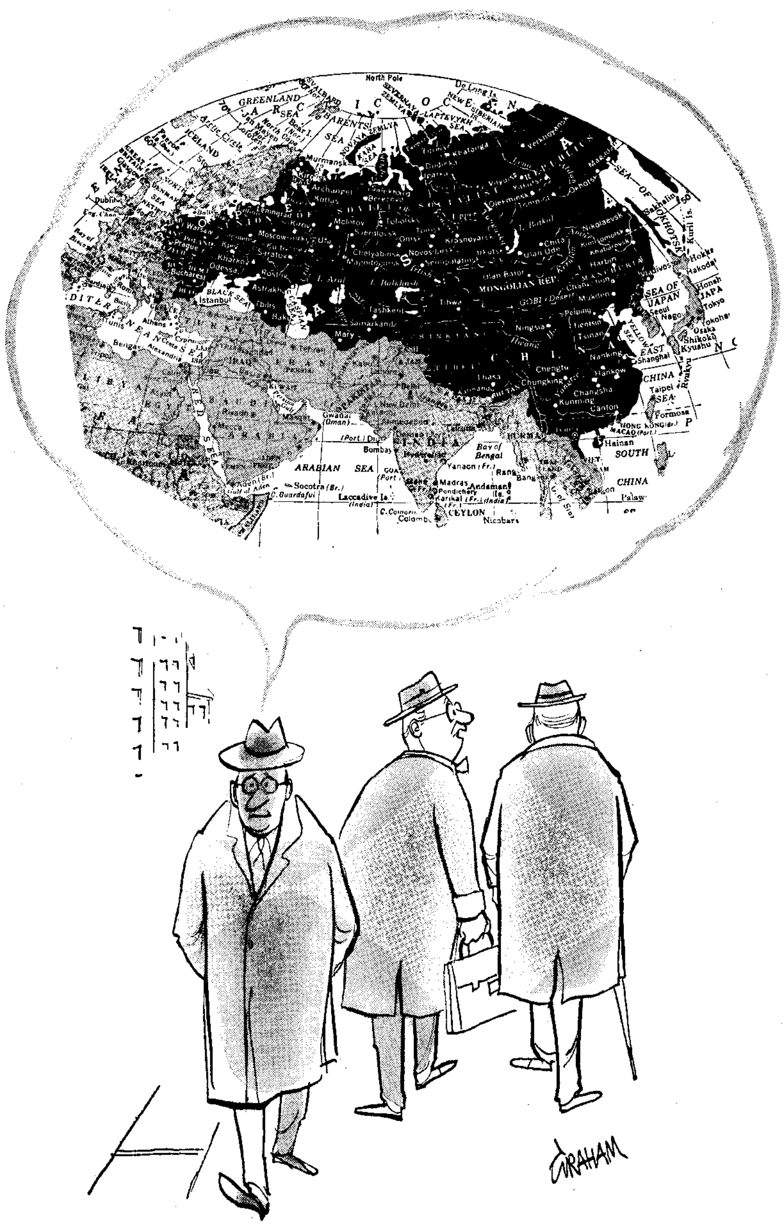
At Rothschild's, which occupies a stately old mansion off St. Swithin's Lane, I was led through countless panelled and portrait-hung rooms by the firm's secretary, a kindly gentleman who asked me to cloak him in anonymity. In one of the rooms, the secretary presented a young man, who had the look of knowing what he was about, as Mr. Evelyn. I shook hands with Mr. Evelyn, and not until somewhat later, when I became more accustomed to the secretary's idiom, did I realize that the man I'd met was Mr. Evelyn de *Rothschild*. After remarking that the firm, which was founded in 1804, had recently elected its first non-Rothschild partner ever, the secretary showed me the gold-fixing room, where, every morning, seated around an oval table and under the eyes of long-vanished European royalty looking down from the portraits on the walls, the City's four or five leading gold brokers meet to fix the day's gold price in London. Each broker has a miniature Union Jack mounted on a stand in front of him, and when, in the course of the dickering, he becomes satisfied with the price, he knocks his flag down. Nobody at Rothschild's is quite sure how the flag tradition started. All the flags are usually down within five minutes, the secretary said, but during the recent fever of gold speculation it sometimes took as long as twenty or twenty-five minutes. And why is the price of gold fixed at Rothschild's? Perfectly simple, said the secretary; in the nineteenth century, between financing Wellington at Waterloo, helping to finance Britain's purchase of the Suez Canal, and putting up the cash for a few other little ventures, Rothschild's became bullion brokers for the Bank of England, and that was that.

LLOYD'S, as I suppose everybody knows, is not an insurance company in the American sense but a society of individual insurers prepared to cover their losses by putting up their combined private fortunes. When I went to its headquarters on Lime Street, a fatherly sort of man named E. G. Chapman, who described himself as a clerk to the Committee, led the way through a room—considerably larger and lighter than that of the London Stock Exchange—in which some men were walking around and talking to other men who were seated. Mr. Chapman explained that the rampant ones were brokers placing insurance risks and the couchant ones were underwriters assuming them. The room, he said, was called The Room. Until about three years ago, when Lloyd's moved to its present quarters from its old home on the other side of Lime Street, the brokers walked and the underwriters sat in what was really two rooms but was called The Room anyhow. On a cabinet near the center of the present Room lay a big volume full of reports on ships sunk or damaged, and Mr. Chapman advised me that entries in it are always made with a quill—not for the sake of tradition, he added firmly, but because a quill writes better on the parchmentlike paper deemed appropriate for such records. He also pointed out a board suspended from one of the walls, where the names of prospective members are posted for a while prior to their admission—"like chaps being put up for a club," he remarked, leaning toward me confidentially as he spoke.

Mr. Chapman then escorted me to a large office a couple of stories above The Room, where I met Patrick Ward Milligan, deputy chairman of Lloyd's. "One decides which risks to assume on various bases," said Mr. Milligan genially, in answer to a question of mine. "First of all, experience. One has done an apprenticeship of perhaps ten years before becoming a member of Lloyd's. Then, too, perhaps the broker may be a pal of yours." The deputy chairman indicated, with a fractional grin, that he was being facetious, and went on, "Beyond that, there is your liver, the state of the weather, and so forth. Setting the premium in cases where there's no precedent is sometimes simply a matter of looking at a bare wall. The odd underwritings—insurance against holes-in-one at golf, against the capture of the Loch Ness monster, against the birth of twins, against damage to actresses' legs—are *not* an important part of our business, though I must say they are spoken of a great deal. We are rather placid here. We do not get ulcers from contemplating our liabilities. After a big storm that has cost a pretty penny in marine underwritings, you don't find everyone in The Room looking at the Loss Book. You find the crowd at the newsboard reading the test-match results."

"The deputy chairman is excessively modest," Mr. Chapman informed me as he escorted me to the front door. "It takes know-how and flair to write insurance, that's what it takes."

I HAD a particular reason for wanting to go to Hoare & Co. I'd heard that among the items in a small museum of banking memorabilia that the firm has on the premises was one of the first checks, or cheques, ever written, and I was eager to see it. Accordingly, one of my telephone calls had been to the curator of this collection, making an appointment. The com-



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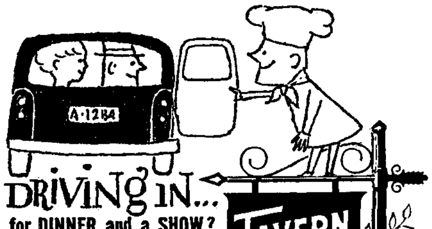
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TAVERN ON THE GREEN

pany's offices are in a fine old town house on Fleet Street—not as large as Rothschild's but impressive enough. An attendant led me through the ground-floor banking section, which had a sort of gaslit look, and up a long flight of stairs; on the way, he told me that one partner of the firm always lives in the building, so that clients suddenly in need of a bank in the middle of the night can get attention at once. The collection occupied a front room ornamented with a crystal chandelier, a marble mantel, and two eighteenth-century oil paintings, and there I was turned over to the curator—a peppy white-haired man, wearing a monocle and the air of a mischievous scholar, named R. McD. Winder.

"Ah, yes, the check," Mr. Winder said, going straight to the mantel, where a yellowed scrap of paper was preserved under glass.

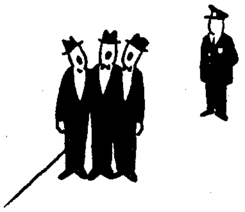
I followed, and read:

> July 11, 1676
>
> Mr. Hoare,
>
> Pray pay to the bearer hereof Mr. Witt Morgan fifty-four pounds ten shillings and ten pence and take his receipt for the same.
>
> Your loving friend,
> Will Hale
>
> 54/10/10
> for Mr. Richard Hoare
> at the Golden bottle in Cheapside

"We can't say that it was the first British check—only one of the first," Mr. Winder said. "Incidentally, the Golden Bottle wasn't a pub, as you might expect. It was the Hoares' place of business. They were goldsmiths, with a sideline in banking."

I asked who Will Hale was.

"Why, a Hoare client," said Mr. Winder, plainly implying that any further identification would be superfluous.



He led me to a couple of large glass cases near the windows, and pointed out various documents there enshrined. "Over here," he said, "is a record of a fund to support the suffering clergy in America during your Revolution. Hoare & Co. banked the fund. And, here, a judgment of one pound against Samuel Pepys, which I do not believe you will find mentioned in his diary." Mr. Winder chuckled, and his monocle fell out. Deftly replacing it, he continued, "Here we have a copy of a letter sent by our firm to the governor of the Bank of England on the occasion of their two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary, in July, 1944. We're considerably older than the Bank, of course. They opened in 1694, whereas Hoare & Co. was founded sometime before 1673—it has never been ascertained just when—and has been on the present site since 1689." I read the 1944 letter to the Bank, and could not detect in it the slightest note of patronage toward a junior institution. A forbearing house, old Hoare & Co.

On the way out, Mr. Winder guided me into the partners' dining room for a glimpse of the inevitable collection of family portraits, calling special attention to an old fellow who, he said, had been known as Good Henry Hoare. Good Henry looked rather self-satisfied, and no wonder. I inquired whether there had ever been a Bad Henry. "No, but there was a Naughty Richard," said Mr. Winder. "Happily, he had nothing at all to do with the bank."

Mr. Winder had reminded me of the Bank of England. Screwing up my courage, I now marched on it. Well, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street could hardly have been more gracious. An employee at the main entrance inclined his top hat solicitously while he listened to my mumbled account of myself; another accompanied me across a vast expanse of marble floor to an armored lift; a third took me up an indeterminate number of stories and showed me into a little room, where I was left alone to contemplate leather furniture and old prints for a not excessive interval; and a fourth, a young lady, escorted me into the presence of a Bank officer, who did not tell me what his duties were. (I took pains not to ask.) The officer—I'll call him Harris, for he, too, asked me to suppress his identity—and I had half an hour of amiable talk, none of it about the bank rate and most of it about the Bank of England's Guard. Mr. Harris said that the Guard, consisting of an officer, a sergeant, two corporals, twelve guardsmen, and a drummer or piper, arrived at the Bank every day at the end of business hours and remained until morning, as it had been doing regularly ever since the Bank was threatened by the Gordon Riots of 1780. A while back, the War Office, noting that the rioting seemed to have subsided, suggested discontinuing the Guard, on the ground that it was costly and caused traffic jams while en route to its post. The Bank expressed horror at the mere thought of such a thing, and the War Office discreetly backed down.

"They generally move a bit after six o'clock," Mr. Harris said. "They're apt to come by truck if it's wet, but today's drizzle seems to be over, and they should be marching. It's not quite six. If you go right down, you should catch them all right."

That seemed to me an excellent idea, and after bidding Mr. Harris goodbye I went in reverse through the Bank's minuet of entrance. There was one hitch, though; neither I nor anyone else could remember at what stage somebody had taken my raincoat. This occasioned a good deal of whispering and scurrying around among Bank people, as, I suppose, the spectre loomed of the Bank's being found guilty of having improperly appropriated a raincoat. It finally turned up, and, to everyone's relief, the Old Lady and I parted all even.

I sat down on one of the benches across Threadneedle Street, and at five minutes past six the Guard arrived, marching smartly up in three admirably regular columns, all red-coated and busby-topped. True to Harris's count, there were seventeen men in all, but if one was a drummer or piper, he wasn't drumming or piping. The Guard came to a stamping halt in front of the Bank, and at the officer's command the guardsmen filed in through the entrance. I noticed that nearly all the civilian Britons who happened to be passing on their way home from work stopped to watch. They must see this delightful folderol almost every day, I reflected, and yet they did not seem to be at all bored by it; most of them were grinning the same sort of half-moved, half-sheepish grin that I was.

—John Brooks

•

A family of adventurers. Joan's father is currently spending a two-month hunting trip in the Yukon, while another of her brothers is in Missouri.—*Boston Herald.*

They stop at nothing, apparently.

•

When Joyce Kilmer wrote that "only God can make a tree," he couldn't have known of the millions of sparkling aluminum Christmas trees now ready to decorate American homes this year.—*News release from Alcoa.*

He just felt them in his bones.

•

SHOUTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT SHOUTED

[*From the Los Angeles Mirror*]

"Being a buoyant sprite, Tammy Grimes is unsinkable," shouted one aislesitter after watching the gamine blond play Molly with a whoop and a holler.

WORLD WiDE

iN THiS

SMALL LAND

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NEW ZEALAND

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>
> —**Melville**

Take a look at the facing page.

What you see are some fairly familiar symbols of some pretty important public service causes—notices that catch your eye almost every time you stop, look, or listen these days.

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Start with the heads of business firms who contributed the money, advice and advertising support needed to make this work of The Advertising Council possible. Add to these the volunteers in advertising agencies whose gifts of time and talent brought these messages to life.

Their creative efforts in turn inspired still other people who run our magazines and newspapers, radio and TV stations, outdoor and transit advertising companies to contribute $181,900,000 worth of free space and time during the past twelve months alone to bring these meaningful messages home to you.

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Only a few of these causes called for money. None of them had an axe to grind. Created in an atmosphere of voluntary cooperation, they inspired confidence in individual action. And they won your support.

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Thanks to your response, classrooms grew where there had been none before. More kids went to college. Untold forest fires went unlit, and many people riding the highways owe their lives to the safety program.

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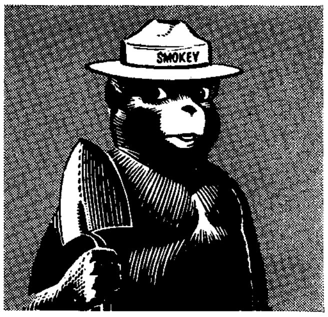

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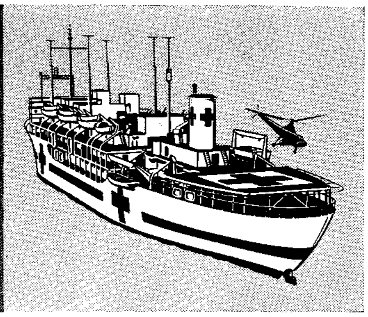
GREEN CROSS FOR SAFETY

STOP ACCIDENTS



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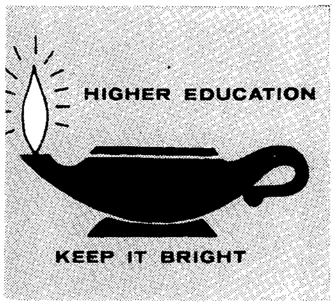
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KEEP IT BRIGHT

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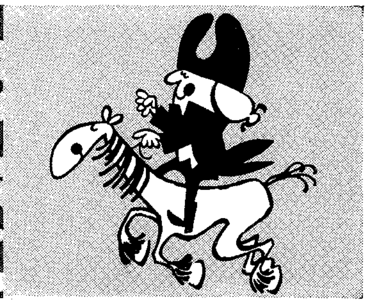
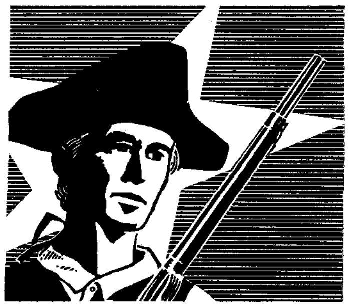


1960 CENSUS

RED CROSS

UNITED NATIONS



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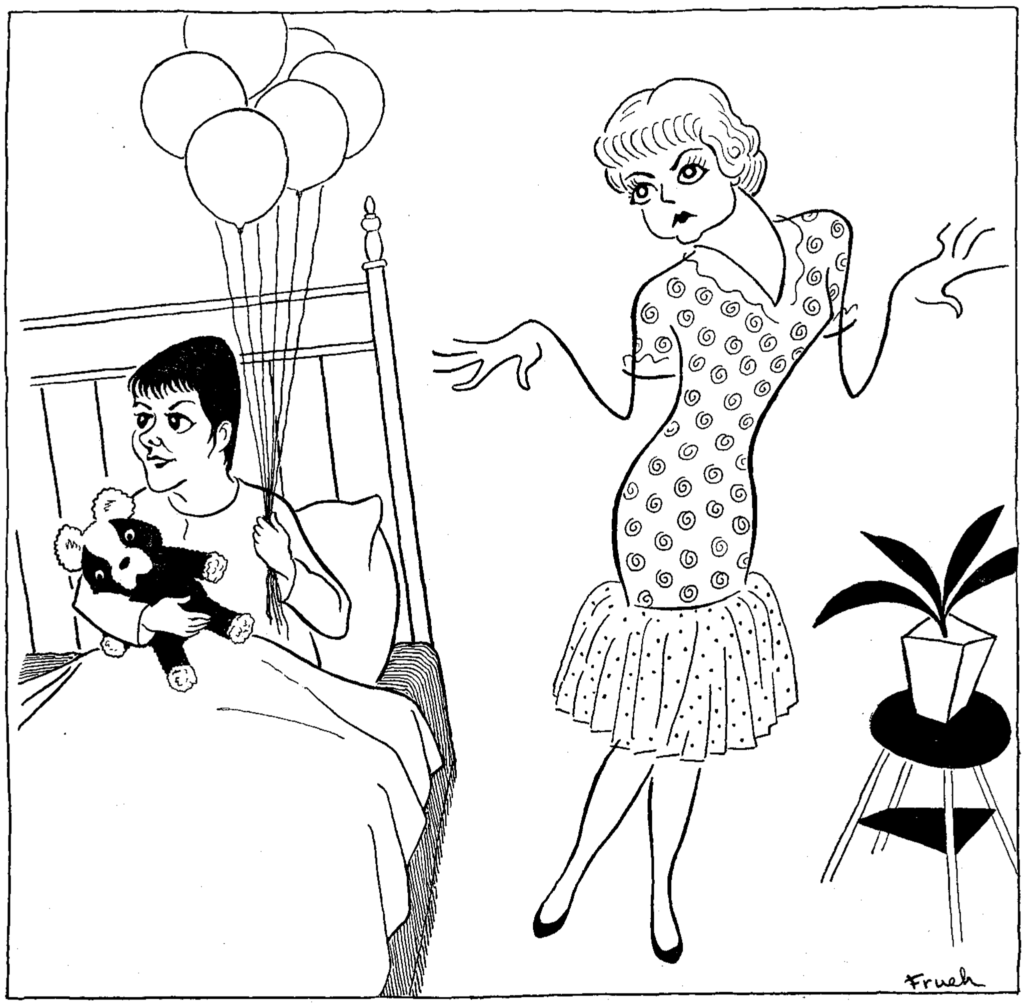
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

HERE is the sly program note Bertolt Brecht provides for his "In the Jungle of Cities," which is being given its first American performance, at the Living Theatre, in a new translation by Gerhard Nellhaus:

> Watch now the inexplicable wrestling match between two men and witness the fall of a family uprooted from the prairies into the jungle of the big city. Don't wrack your brains over the motives of this fight, but make yourself share in the human stakes. Judge without prejudice the fighting form of the contenders and keep your eyes fixed on the outcome.

This now-just-take-it-easy-it-won't-hurt-a-bit advice has, as Brecht intended, exactly the opposite effect on the reader. You squeeze your mind numb trying to figure out the secrets in this brutal, funny, mysterious play, which is from Brecht's earliest (1922) and muddiest period. And then you discover that the play *is* largely inexplicable—it has no motives, no story to speak of, no characterization—and that it doesn't really matter. Life itself is inexplicable, and by projecting some of its greasier aspects onto the stage in big, lumpish symbols—not in a naturalistic but in a heightened, semi-surrealistic fashion—Brecht, with a shrug and a snort, is simply reaffirming that intelligence, or non-intelligence. However, here is what *seems* to happen onstage: The setting, Chicago, is immaterial; it could be any large city. The time is 1912-15. George Garga, a young, impoverished expatriate from the prairies who works in a bookstore, and C. Shlink, a well-to-do lumber dealer (puzzling technical point: Shlink states that he was born in Yokohama but is identified throughout as a Malayan), have a bitter, childish altercation. Shlink retaliates by getting Garga fired, and then abruptly signs over his business to him. Garga accepts, immediately sells a load of lumber twice, and goes to jail for it. Shlink, ruined, becomes a boarder with Garga's family, who hate him, and earns his keep by pushing a coal cart. When Garga gets out of jail, three years later, Shlink is again a wealthy lumberman, and Garga again pulls him down by informing the police of his nonexistent sexual misbehaviors. Shlink flees, taking Garga with him so that their Kafkaesque battle can be finished. But it never is, and at the end of the play Shlink commits suicide in a deserted tent on the shore of Lake Michigan, while Garga goes off to New York, presumably for more of the same. But we need to know something in addition to all this. The eighteenth century, to say nothing of Sunday school, has taught us to ferret out morals wherever we go, and to brandish them about for the enlightenment of others. Moreover, a little easy philosophy softens a lot of reality. Accordingly, perhaps Brecht is demonstrating the great battle between generations and even cultures (Garga, the young, rough America, winning over Shlink, the smooth old Orient); perhaps he is shouting about racial matters (here, yellow versus white); perhaps it is merely honesty (Shlink, who becomes a kind of saint) versus dishonesty (Garga, the petty thief); perhaps it is none of these. No doubt unintentionally, Brecht has thrown a couple of extra and fairly unmanageable impedimenta in the way of his audience. The play supposedly shows "the fall of a family uprooted from the prairies into the jungle of the big city." But the Gar-



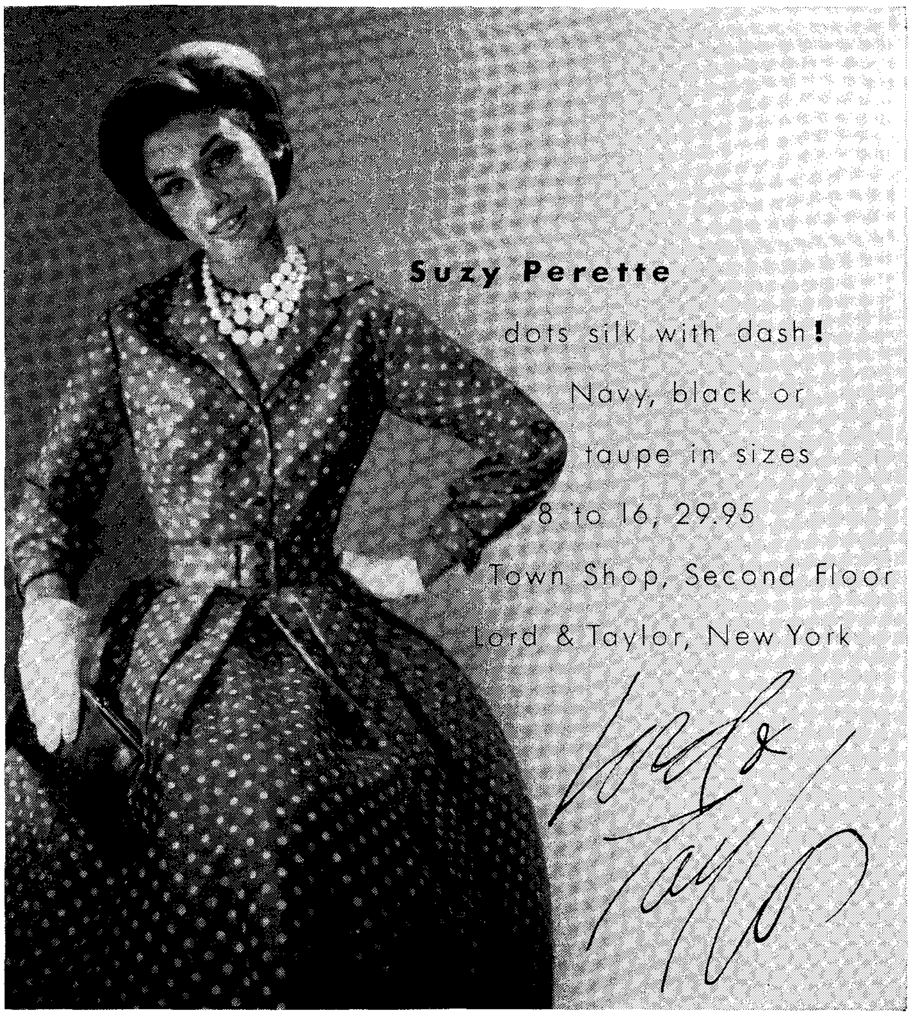
"A TASTE OF HONEY"

On the left, poised between girlhood and womanhood, is Joan Plowright, whereas the lady fluttering on the right is Angela Lansbury. They appear together in Shelagh Delaney's play at the Lyceum.

gas already seem fallen at the outset, and there is no sense of Willa Cather yeomanry plummeting into the depths. (Garga's sister turns into a prostitute and her father into a drunk.) The pity Brecht may have wished to extract from his audience simply isn't ignited; in fact, the Gargas are refreshingly poor imitations of the sort of Americans generally credited with founding and furthering the American dream. The second difficulty is Brecht's writing. Much of it is in the tough, idiomatic style that became fashionable in the twenties and that, because of its excesses, is now largely corn. (Kerouac represents its final and juiciest flowering.) As a result, one tends to snigger at "Do you want to auction off your pockmarked soul?," at "Watch out a shark's ghost doesn't eat you on the stairs," and at the plentiful talk about rats nibbling at human faces.

Under Judith Malina's direction, the cast, in the face of all these matters, is remarkable. Khigh Dhiegh, as Shlink, moves effortlessly back and forth between his various social stations, as well as between all the emotions from puzzled anxiety to meaching humility. Like all considerable actors, he ingrains his very tread on one's mind. Jamil Zakkai, as Garga, is not far behind—despite the difficulty he had with his memory throughout the evening—and the same goes for Marilyn Chris, Ethel Manuelian, Grant Code, and Helen Ray. The semi-Oriental background music, written by Teiji Ito and performed on drums, flute, clarinet, cymbal, and the like, has the strange effect not of underlining the actions onstage but of adding a further energizing irritant for the audience by at times suggesting a thousand cicadas in full song. Although several of the eleven scenes could be harmlessly shortened or even dispensed with, the Living Theatre's "In the Jungle of Cities" is the sort of production—way out but very good—that Off Broadway created itself for and that it hadn't deigned to indulge in this season until last week.

BRILLIANT, slippery Pirandello is back in town and, like Brecht, swimming as fast as ever. The play, newly adapted by William Murray, is "The Rules of the Game," and it is at the Gramercy Arts. Not surprisingly, it is a study of illusion and reality, and of the ironies provoked by the incessant chameleon nature of these states. The evening also offers the unsettling spectacle of a playwright slowly outdistancing his cast. For half of the play's three acts,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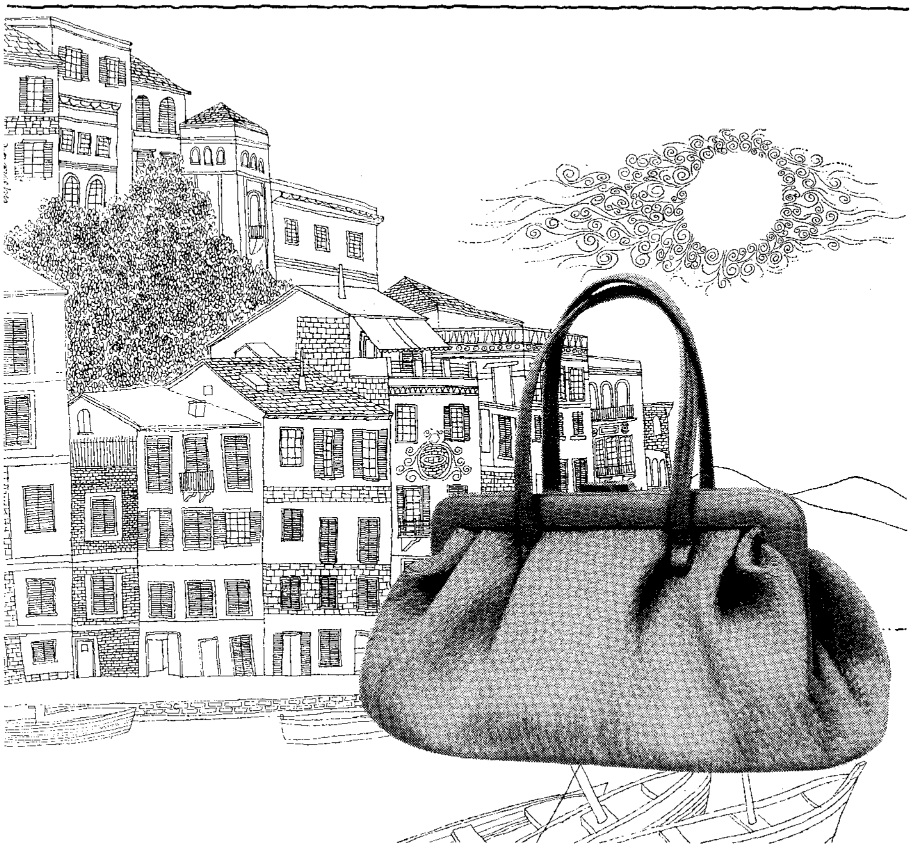
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the performers, led by Paul Sparer, Joanna Merlin, and William Windom, keep abreast of Pirandello; the witty lines glisten, the solemn ones expand portentously, motions are economical, all hands work together like first cousins. But then Pirandello inexorably draws ahead and disappears, leaving Miss Merlin looking blank, Windom red and shining, and Sparer—attempting the near-impossible climax of his part—an arch mass of Theda Bara expressions, Capitol Hill gestures, and inflections that rise and fall within the syllable. The source of this trouble is a play that advances two principal propositions: that reality and illusion are often wholly interchangeable, and that logic in the end is no match for intuition. Leone Gala (Sparer), a wealthy Italian dilettante, has decided that life in only a game that should be approached from an undeviating "pivot of a concept," without emotion and without hope. Indeed, he has, he tells us, abstracted himself; he is a sphere without substance or weight. But under various social pressures Gala's nature starts to change, or, rather, reveal its true self. His usual kindly and agreeable composure begins to wear thin. He unexpectedly shouts, he has tantrums, he laughs hysterically, and bit by bit it becomes plain that he has forced the life of the mind on himself because he has long since discovered the size and power of the beast within him. This beast, still spouting logic, finally breaks disastrously loose, and that is when Sparer begins to get winded. For in the third act, which is bedevilled by a couple of amateur supporting performances, he must at once be the sagacious Gala, the cool, mocking Gala, and the beast Gala who calmly tells his wife that he has left her because he was afraid her compulsiveness would drive him to murder—a sort of simultaneous Jekyll-Hyde role that ultimately forces Sparer back on his eyes, which fill his face, alternately, with thin-lidded glances, popeyed glances, twinkling glances, wise, down-the-nose glances, needling glances, and flat glances. Sometimes he even attempts two or three of these at once. Nonetheless, Sparer fails only by inches; right and wrong, he draws one closely after him. About half as much can be said of Miss Merlin and Windom. The sets, by Gordon Micunis, ably represent a plush apartment (all gold leaf and brocade) in a late-twenties Italian city, and the Spartan country quarters (all panelling and rigid geometrical décor) where Gala slowly and logically loses his mind.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

• •

RED TREES

When I close my eyes in the sun,
I see a thoughtful red haze
Punctuated in the center
By a yellow nucleus
That changes to blue, divides and drifts
Doubly away, leaving the red;
And I remember looking down
The long well of a microscope
At Rhodophyceae on a slide.

Rhodophyceae look like trees
At sunset. I enter the world
That I remember, and walk through
Paths overhung with heart-shaped leaves.
I have been here before in dreams,
Watched the twilight setting the woods
On fire, and heard the tanagers
Wake and scream. I have walked beyond,
Until what I saw, looking back,

Was a red spot upon a slide.
If, transparent as wind except
For my blood, I were standing here
With my arms raised, to someone down
Below me in the valley shade
I would look like a burning tree.
I lift my lids again and see
Red trees fading in the sky
Under the moon's myopic eye.

—ANDREW OERKE

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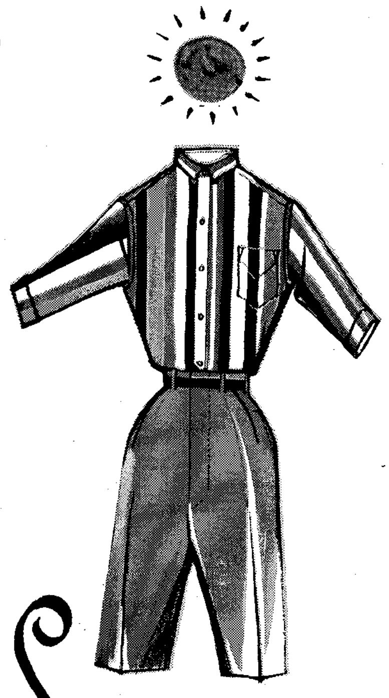

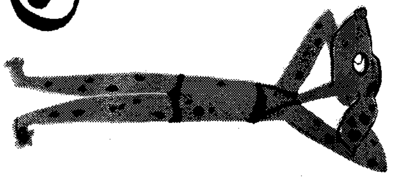

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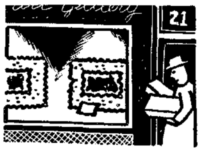
THE ART GALLERIES

Here and There

OUR list this week may be spotty, but it is certainly diversified, for the range in time is from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the present, while in space it runs skippingly from the Rajput provinces of northern India—as exemplified by a small but exquisitely selected loan collection of their paintings, now on view at Asia House—to the United States. The Indian exhibition, which is also the earliest chronologically, is small only because the paintings themselves are small. There are eighty-five items in the collection, some of them of considerable rarity, and since the style, it is generally believed, derives from the still earlier manuscript illustrations of Persian Islamic art, most of them are of concise dimensions, the majority being scarcely more than seven or eight inches in height and width. Though this reduces them almost to miniaturistic scale, they are not small in feeling, for the subjects range from large court assemblages to semi-mythical battle scenes, and the atmosphere, for all the stylization of the painting, is frequently quite animated.



There is some mystery about them. The names of the artists are unknown, and the whole period that saw the creation of the works appears to have been little studied, so their sources are not fully established. Even for one so little versed in the subject as I am, there are aspects of the paintings that seem to set them apart from the main body of Indian art. A number of the pieces, among them the study of two rows of horsemen in conflict called "Battle Scene," the stately, stylized "Rajah on Horseback," and the handsome and unusually large "Tiger Hunt on a River Bend," have the slight arbitrariness of design that I connect with Persian painting, while there are others, such as "The Salvation of the King of the Elephants" (with Vishnu flying through the air to rescue the majestic beast from a crocodile), in which the influence seems to come from a different direction, and the background treatment hints particularly at the Chinese. For that matter, does the fact that the arcades in the background of the wistful blue "Krishna Awaiting Radha" are done, somewhat surprisingly, in true perspective indicate a relation to our Western art? I'm on shaky ground, I know, but it occurs to me to wonder if the isolated position of Rajputana, in and around the Punjab Hills, and the warlike propensities of its princes might not have cut it off from the southerly civilizations and left it more open to east-west influences.

But all this is speculation, and mainly idle. As for the paintings themselves, I found them absorbing not only for the delicacy and discipline of their draftsmanship but for the insights they give into the life and mythology of the era. Gods and goddesses like Vishnu, Krishna, and his immortal inamorata Radha figure in many of them—sometimes engaged in miraculous errands and sometimes merely going about their affairs like ordinary people. An especially lovely painting, "Krishna and Radha in the Rain," simply shows the two lovers walking, lost in contemplation of each other, under an ornate umbrella, while small white deer frolic around them, and there's an equally delightful "Krishna and Radha on a Terrace at Night," in which he seems to be instructing her while she listens dutifully. In still another, with an intricately flowered golden background, the pair are shown enthroned, smiling down on their thronged attendants. Vishnu, more terrible, slays a dragon—or, rather, a demon named Kaliya in the form of a dragon—while anxious maidens stretch out their arms in prayerful supplication, or (this time in the guise of a lion himself) destroys a malevolent creature named the Asura (or witch) Hiranyaksha. In other paintings, though, the minutiae of contemporary human life—chiefly as they are related to ritual of the princely courts—are recorded. A rajah sits reading on a tiny balcony under a willow tree. In "Rajah Smoking, with Son and a Courtier," the monarch puffs thoughtfully on his hookah, gazing out over the head of the courtier, who kneels, his ceremonial sword laid down at his side, and eyes him hopefully. The son, tending the hookah, looks on, only half interested. Despite the formalized treatment, the expressions and the directions of the eyes make it a vivid commentary on the tensions and uncertainties of court life.

Among other works that I found charming, or revelatory, or both, are "The Pet Deer," "Ladies Hunting from a Pavilion," "Jai Singh of Ajmer with His Girl Orchestra"—in a garden, the trees festooned with bird cages and the foliage filled with peacocks and cock-

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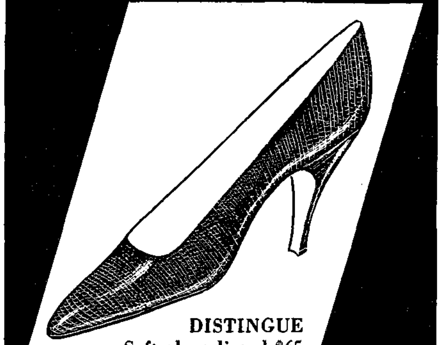

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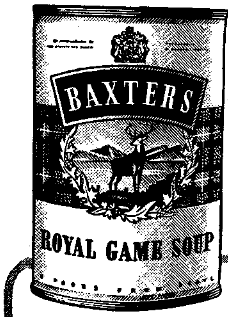

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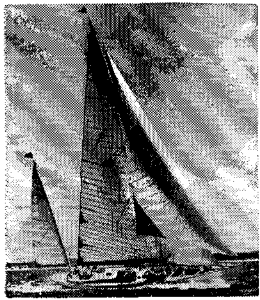

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atoos—and "The Festival of Spring," which involves a crowd of merrymakers cheerfully spraying one another with water from little hand pumps. The paintings, I understand, were meant to be collected, album fashion, and leafed through by their owners. They are even better when spread out, as they are here, for one to pore over.

David Burliuk, now on at the A.C.A., is approaching eighty, and what he is offering in celebration is a new adventure in my experience—something that I can only call a made-to-order retrospective. What he has done has been to compile a group of his paintings, dated from 1908 to the present and done in the various styles that have affected him, but all of them actually executed during the last year or two. In a sense, it's a gentle spoof, and inasmuch as his career has been long and varied (a Russian born, he was involved in most of the modernist movements in Europe before settling here) it's a bit of a tour de force, too. Thus the first picture in the collection, called "Head" and dated 1908, is squarely in the African Negro mannerism then being exploited. "Dance," from a little later on, is a swirl of lavender reflecting the Futurists' attempts to render motion in paint, while his study of a seated girl called "Ella" is clearly a casting-back to the Expressionist period.

To round things out, there is an array of canvases all dated 1960, and these, like most of his recent paintings, are completely winning. Burliuk, for all his eclecticism, remains a primitive at heart, and there's an unquenchable innocence about such pieces as "Sunrise in the Steppe," with its blue cows and piping herdsman, and the big, opulent still-life "Lilacs and Ocean" that makes them charming.

It has been an odd week, all told. The Isaacson is showing a group of "Poetic Painters of the Nineteenth Century," featuring such masters of the saccharine as Gérôme, Alma-Tadema, and Bouguereau, while at Grand Central Moderns a young painter turned sculptor named Robert Watts is exhibiting constructions that do their best to mock such syrupy attitudes. Watts, a Dadaist in essence, goes, I think, a bit out of his way to make his point, and a number of his concoctions, made up of random, or "found," elements, and many of them in motion, seem a trifle labored. Fundamentally, his approach is ironic. "Guadalcanal," named after the aircraft carrier on which he served

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in the war, features, among other things, a tinkly toy piano and a crazily jerking metronome, both mounted on top of a shadow box in which a tiny khaki-colored figure on a string can be seen constantly jumping almost up to the top of a clifflike mound and then falling back again. "Victory" is even more spectacular. A large and complicated contraption stuffed with illuminated toy balloons, and also in motion, its main elements are a decklike platform on which a number of small pellets roll back and forth in a definitely seasick motion as it heaves slowly up and down; a great play of red and green lights flashing on a sparlike projection; and the stuffed, swollen legs of a man protruding from one side—all surmounted by a brightly lit flag. Hardly something for the living room, obviously, and on the whole I preferred the quieter sculptures, such as "Small Man," "Secrets," and "Citadel," in which a creditably sound sculptural sense appears, and which also stand still.

I must say it was fun, in a bemused sort of way, going through the affair at the Isaacson. The men worked so hard to get their effects, making sure that the uniforms were just right (see Gérôme's "The Sentinel at the Sultan's Tomb"), the costumes appropriately—or at least theatrically—medieval (Alma-Tadema's "Death of Galeswinthe"), and so on. The trouble is, though, that so many of them couldn't draw very well. This is a charge often levelled at the moderns. But these men were really trying, and it's disconcerting to note that the figure of Galeswinthe tumbling dead from his couch is all askew anatomically, that the haunches of the seated nude in Bouguereau's "Bather" bear no body weight at all, and that the treatment of draperies pretty much everywhere is as stiffly formalized in its way as in primitive sculpture.

—Robert M. Coates

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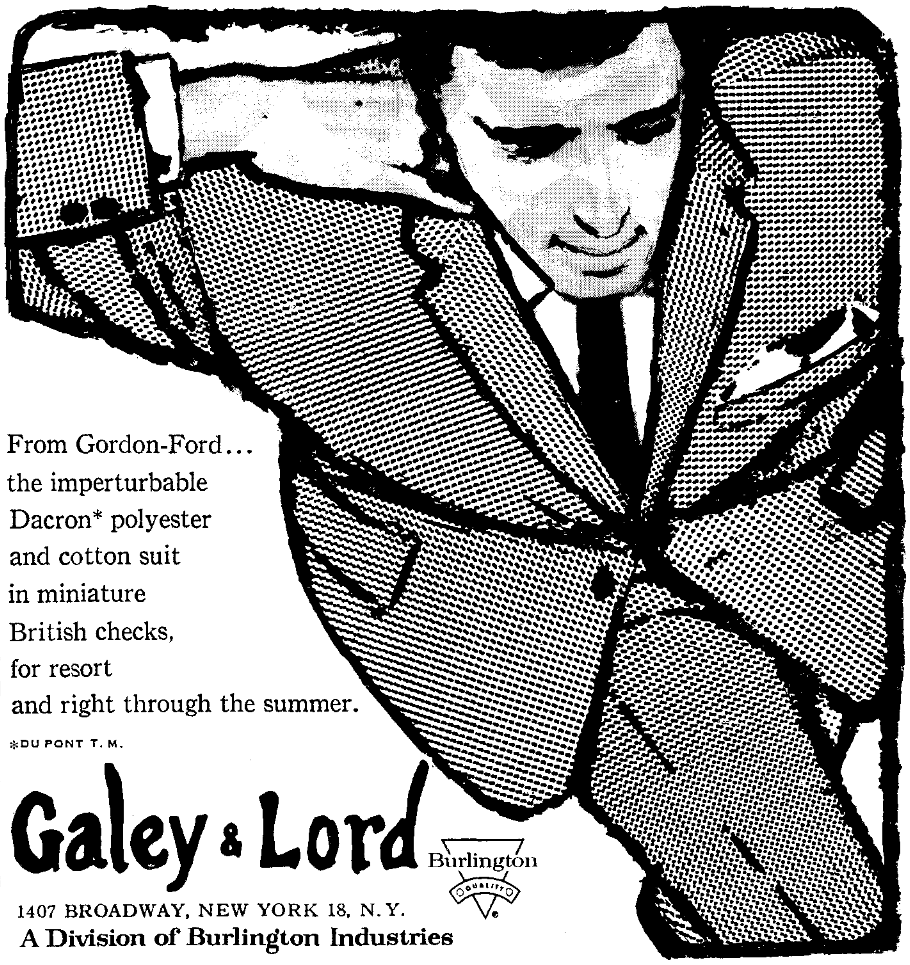
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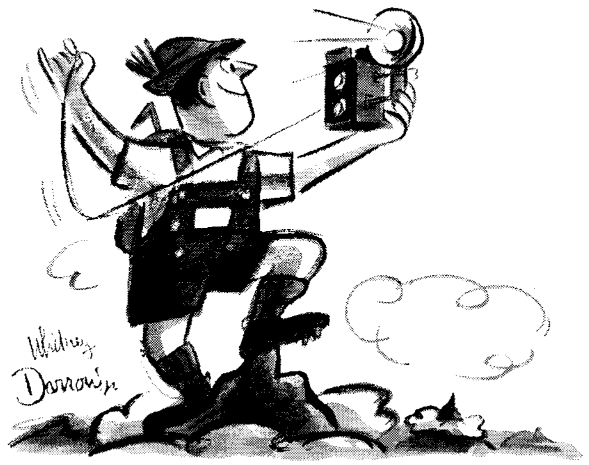
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Neat and Nice

DESPITE the huge amount of worthy research that has recently been devoted to unearthing unknown and little-known musical works of the eighteenth century, I have found no reason to discard the main impressions of this period that I formed many years ago. For me, the giants of the period are still Johann Sebastian Bach and Mozart, who rank, in my mind, among the half-dozen greatest masters who have ever lived. In the field of opera, Gluck, too, holds a place as one of the supreme masters, despite the somewhat static quality of his drama, and the good-natured Haydn continues to charm me—and, in his later works, to do something more than that. Handel—and I realize that this statement will be regarded in some quarters as a sin comparable to wife-beating or stealing from blind beggars—has always seemed to me stately and often slightly boring. Antonio Vivaldi is, in my view, a pretty monotonous composer. Most of the others appear to me to have produced period pieces—interesting to hear once in a while, suffused occasionally with the antique appeal that James Gibbons Huneker referred to as the "pathos of distance," but speaking a tinkling, formula-ridden language that, apart from some quaint, courtly associations, conveys very little. To my way of thinking, the preëminence of Bach and Mozart lies not only in their incredible technical inventiveness but also in the fact that they dig deep into the emotions and tap those sources of melancholy, true pathos, and passion that were so often exploited in the following century. I suppose what I am really saying is that I like my classical music to be romantic and that a good deal of eighteenth-century music fails to satisfy this personal desire.

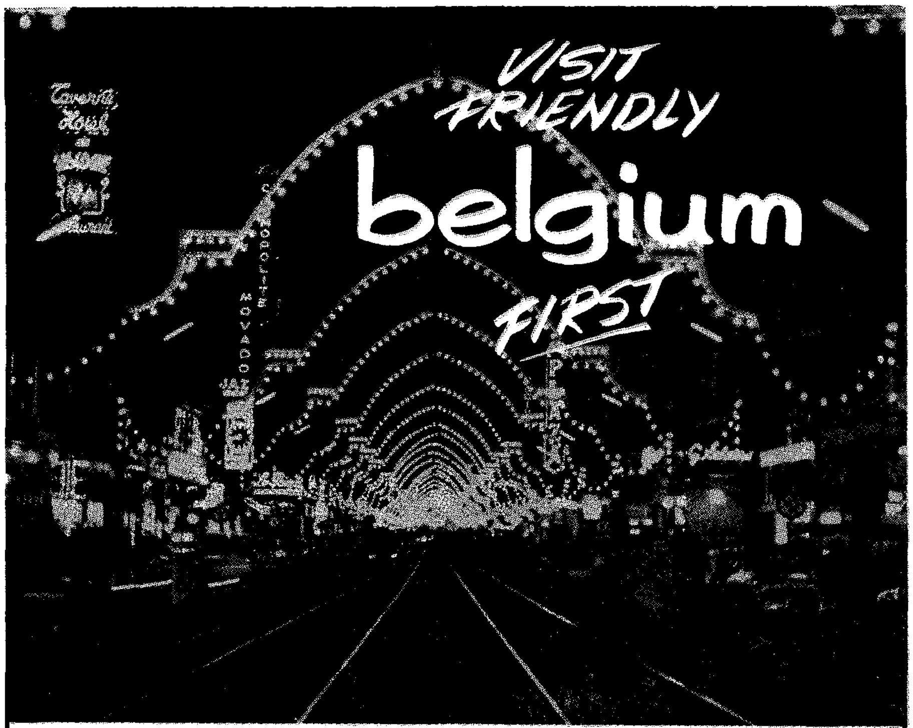
On the other hand, we have recently learned a great deal about the authentic performance of this music, and it is always a pleasure to hear it reverently and spiritedly done, by orchestras of the proper size and with all the minutiae of trill and ornamentation meticulously revealed. Mr. Newell Jenkins, director of the Clarion Concerts, is not only a gifted conductor but a dedicated specialist in this kind of thing, and the first Clarion Concert of the season, which took place under his auspices in Town Hall on Tuesday night of last week, was one of the most engaging occasions of its sort that I have recently encountered. His small orchestra is so beautifully trained that it appears to consist of virtuoso chamber-music players. He conducts it with precision, taste, and inspiration, and the results are both happy and technically impeccable.

There were five items on the program the other night, including a Mozart concerto and a Bach concerto (at least, it was attributed to Bach), and they all confirmed the prejudices I have confessed to above. Still, the three compositions that were not by Mozart or Bach were unfamiliar enough to arouse and then satisfy my curiosity. They were a Concerto in D Major by Georg Philipp Telemann; an unprogrammed "symphony" by Giuseppe Torelli; and Haydn's very seldom, if ever, played Symphony No. 60. As for the Mozart work and the one attributed to Bach, both were familiar, and both stood head and shoulders above the others. They were Bach's (and it certainly sounded like the genuine article) Concerto in D Minor for Harpsichord and Mozart's Concerto in G Major for Piano (K. 453), each enlisting the services of Ralph Kirkpatrick as soloist. It is, no doubt, extremely difficult to shift from the harpsichord to the piano, since the touch required is very different, and I found Mr. Kirkpatrick more satisfying as a harpsichordist than as a pianist. However, he performed both works crisply, and if the Mozart concerto was hardly a masterpiece of virtuosity where his solos were concerned, the orchestral parts were carried through by Mr. Jenkins with gratifying authority and vitality.

I CAN now report on two recent performances at the Metropolitan Opera House—"Simon Boccanegra" and "Tannhäuser." "Tannhäuser" has never been one of my favorite Wagnerian operas. I find the distinction between sacred and profane love, around which its libretto revolves, a little adolescent, and, perhaps unreasonably, I have always been slightly irritated by the fact that in it, as well as in the later "Die Meistersinger," Wagner makes a composer his hero—an intramural proceeding that few other opera composers have been guilty of. The matinée performance of "Tannhäuser" was helped no end by a new conductor, Georg Solti, who gave the score a needed shot of vigor, but the singing, with the exception of Irene Dalis' excellent work as Venus and Jerome Hines' majestic Landgraf, was not above average. The role of Elisabeth is not one of Leonie Rysanek's best ones, since she lacks the power in the lower register and the expressiveness in *mezza voce* that it demands, but on this occasion her higher notes had their customary sheen. A new baritone, Hermann Prey, was cast as Wolfram, and sang suavely, though he was hardly an arresting figure in the part. Hans Hopf, as Tannhäuser, seemed a little hoarse, but he went through his motions with the routine of experience. The bit part of the Shepherd was sung quite nicely, as usual, by Mildred Allen.

"Simon Boccanegra" was another matter. Though it may not be a perfect opera or a totally intelligible one from the dramatic standpoint, it is a very interesting one, and one that allowed full scope for Verdi's wonderful gift of setting magnificent melodies to impassioned situations. In the current production, the sets, by Frederick Fox, though somewhat too brightly lit the other night, are among the Met's handsomest in recent years, and the staging, by Margaret Webster, retains at least some of the admirable aptness that it had when I saw it last season. As Simon, Frank Guarrera, stepping into a role that has been prominently identified with the late Leonard Warren, had two strikes against him, since he does not possess either Warren's commanding stage presence or his amplitude of voice, but he strove valiantly to project the character and did succeed in doing some very pleasurable singing. As Amelia, Renata Tebaldi, who was making her first appearance of the season, was wildly applauded, and succeeded in being what she always is—a handsome singer with a big, luscious voice and a certain amount of innocence both in her musical style and in her approach to acting. Richard Tucker, as Gabriele Adorno, was everything one could wish for in voice, style, and blood-and-thunder histrionics; it is truly remarkable how this gifted Brooklyn singer has maintained his place as perhaps the greatest Italian-style tenor of our era. Giorgio Tozzi, as Fiesco, was, as always, a singing actor of immense polish, and Ezio Flagello did superbly by the role of Paolo. Nino Verchi conducted with verve and efficiency, and altogether the evening was a very pleasant one.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Poor Peon

HOLLYWOOD'S Year of the Elephant is drawing to a close, and let us be thankful for that. The last of the earth-flattening 1960 herd has shuffled into town and now stands on view in its stall at the Criterion, painted from trunk to tail with superlatives and groaning faintly from the effort of sustaining its own vast bulk. Called "Pepe" and weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of three and a half hours, it is in many ways the flabbiest specimen of the entire breed, lacking the pride and muscle that would permit one at least to call it epic. It is possible that the producer-director, George Sidney, conceived the idea for "Pepe" while watching the annual Oscar-award TV extravaganza, for his film has the same surfeit of celebrities, the same barrage of dreary "inside" japes, and the same acute deficiencies of plot. This witless affair deals with a Mexican hayseed, played by Cantinflas, who wanders from his village to such worldly environs as Hollywood, Las Vegas, Acapulco, and Mexico City in order to be near his beloved horse, which has been sold to a movie director. His peregrinations bring him into contact with platoons of movie, TV, and night-club stars, from Maurice Chevalier and Bing Crosby to Zsa Zsa Gabor and Greer Garson, who largely play themselves, and who are infallibly charmed by the goodness and ingenuousness of the childlike waif.

Since "Pepe" has obviously been planned as heart-warming family entertainment and will presumably be viewed by every American who was too young to vote this year, it may be worthwhile to speculate about the causes of its almost unparalleled vulgarity. I cannot remember another film aimed at children that depended for its humor and pathos upon such an unattractive worldly knowingness in its audience. We are tempted to laugh at the peasant as he stands wide-eyed and uncomprehending before the smiling great only because *we* know their names, *we* know the gossip, *we* know the cost of their presence. Dino drinks, Bing has trouble with his sons, Frankie plays the tables at Vegas—everybody knows that except Pepe, the sweet dope, and if we take joy when his innocence triumphs, it is because we ourselves are not innocent. When, near the end of the film, Kim Novak whispers to a salesman in a jewelry store that she will make good the price of an expensive ring that the Mexican is guilelessly trying to buy for a few pesos, every one of us is made an accomplice to an insufferably patronizing act that symbolizes the tone of the film.

Cantinflas is an attractive and talented fellow, and it is hard to understand why he agreed to identify himself with such a dim disaster as "Pepe." Shirley Jones and Dan Dailey are the other principals who are required to act, rather than sign autographs, and of the names only Debbie Reynolds, in a dance, and Jimmy Durante, in a comic flash, escape embarrassment.

IN "Rue de Paris," Jean Gabin is a middle-aged Paris widower who slaves grimly and dutifully in a cloth cap in order to provide comforts for his son and daughter and for a third child, Louis, who was sired out of the nest while Papa was a prisoner of war. Sharper than a serpent's tooth is the ingratitude of his own children; the son grows up to be a bicycle sprint champion who throws races when the price is right, and the daughter becomes an elegant call girl. Who is left to honor Papa's old age? Why, Louis, of course—bar sinister, irony, and all. Since this plot is no more engrossing than it sounds, the only pleasure to be had from "Rue de Paris" is in studying the Gabin face, that memorable *grand visage de pierre*, which has now grown so craggy and immobile that it resembles an escarpment of Mount Rushmore.

ANOTHER discouraging recent import is "A French Mistress," a British comedy built around the fallacious notion that it would be richly comic to have the new French teacher at an English public school turn out to be practically a replica of Brigitte Bardot. Every possible change on this theme is rung when Mademoiselle turns up at mid-term to teach irregular verbs to a swarm of young Stalkys with those football-shaped heads, but the chuckles are few. The only conclusions I can draw from this venture are that the "little British comedy" is not entirely crashproof and that a movie containing a pun in its title is probably suffering from an initial anemia that no number of transfusions can conquer. —ROGER ANGELL

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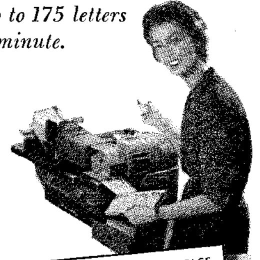

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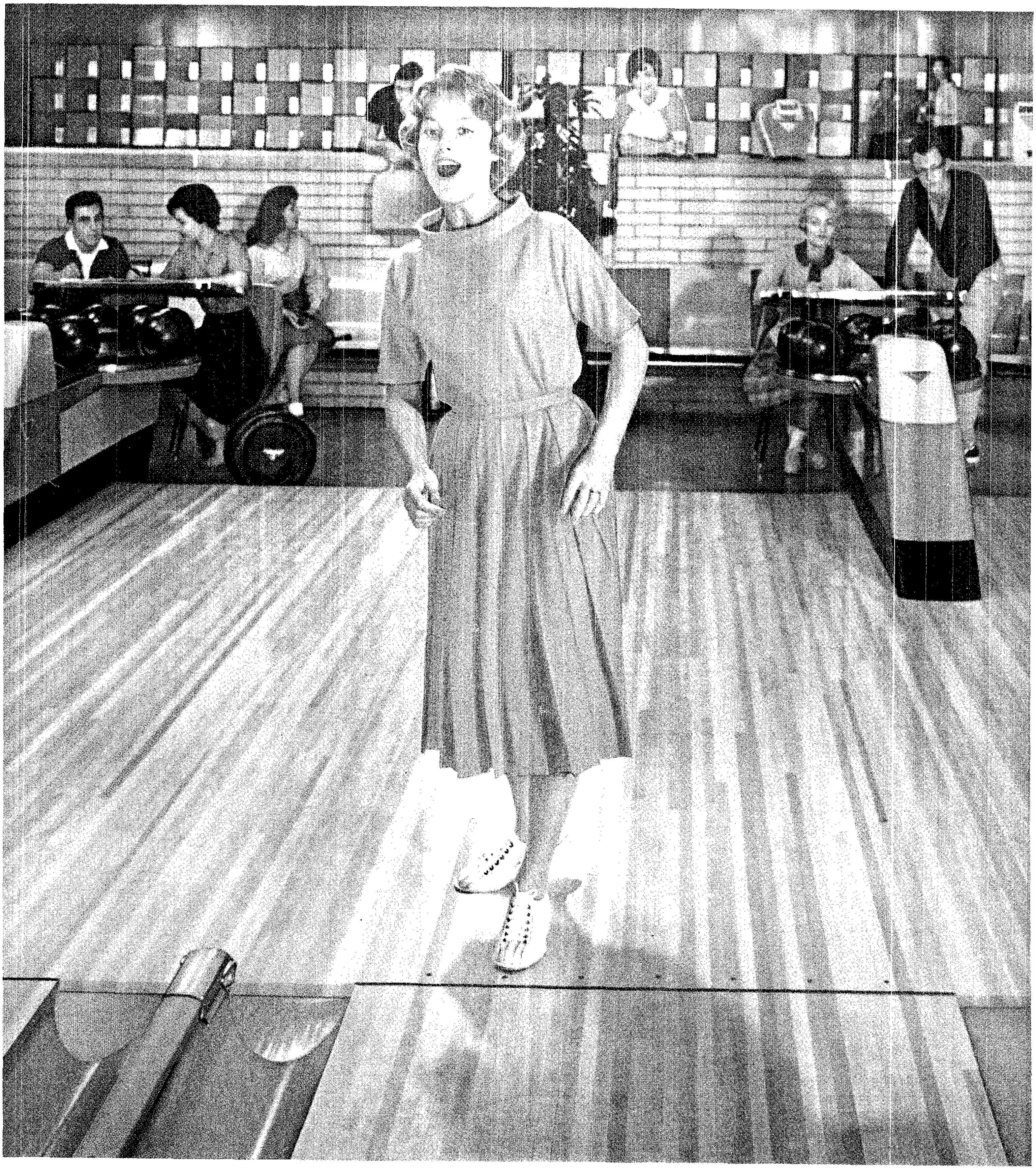

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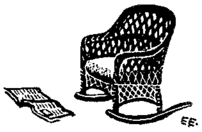
BOOKS

The Marriage State



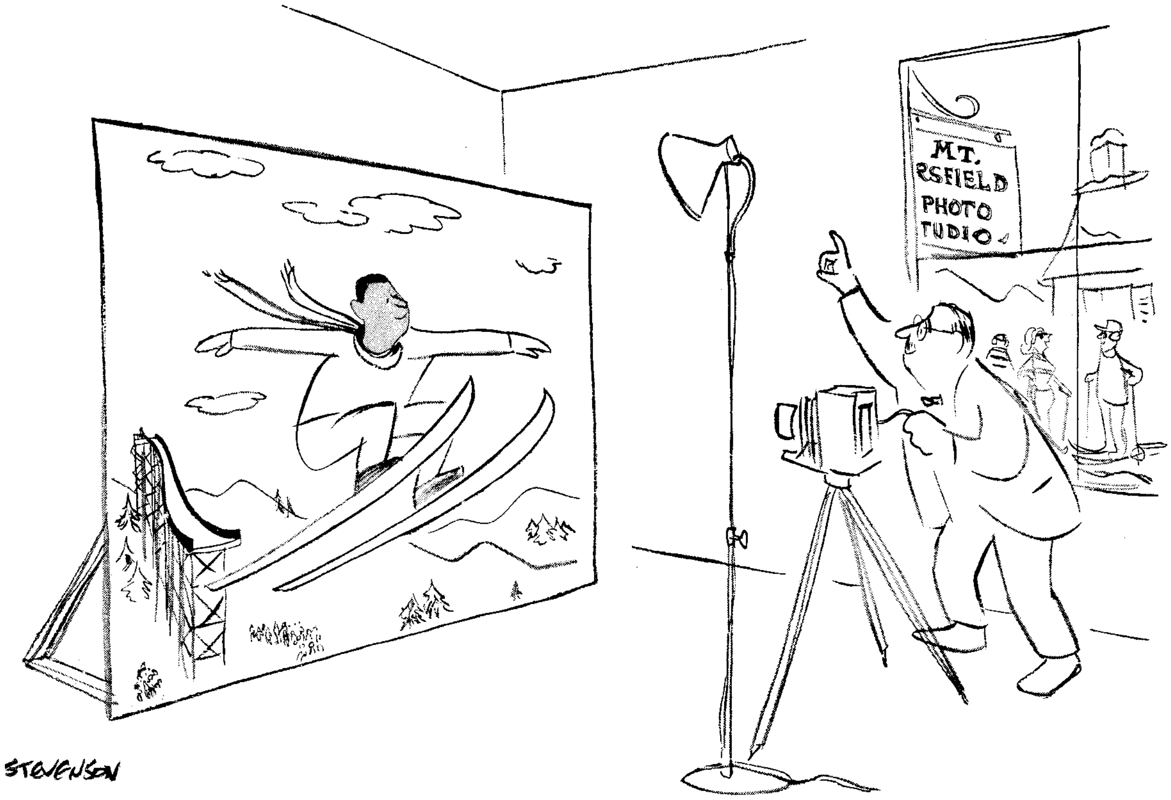
SOON after the opening of "Casanova's Chinese Restaurant," by Anthony Powell (Little, Brown), the novel's narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, is discussing marriage with his friend Hugh Moreland, a composer. Both young men make nervous, not very funny jokes to disguise a preoccupation that is also an anxiety, and Jenkins tells the reader that for him "marriage, although looming up on all sides, still seemed a desperate venture to be postponed almost indefinitely." Nonetheless, by the end of the novel's first section both men have married, for they have reached the time of life when the "desperate venture" is nearly inescapable.

And being married is what the book is about. It is the fifth in Mr. Powell's series called "The Music of Time." Each of its predecessors—"A Question of Upbringing," "A Buyer's Market," "The Acceptance World," and "At Lady Molly's"—explored a step in the process of growing up. In them, Jenkins, a well-connected English youth with a bent for literature, has been moving, during the late nineteen-twenties and on into the thirties, from school to work, looking for his niche in society, frequenting different sets of people, surviving an unhappy love affair, colliding with his elders, and following the careers of his schoolmates. Like "Casanova's Chinese Restaurant," the earlier books are independent works, but they all have Jenkins as their narrator and they share some other characters—Jenkins' friends and relatives. Jenkins has been an observer as much as an actor; he has often told the reader his feelings, but his feelings have not always held the center of the stage. In "Casanova's Chinese Restaurant," Jenkins is diffident about his marriage. He does not expatiate on his love for his wife or extol the snugness of his ménage; he merely says, "It is doubtful whether an existing marriage can ever be described in the first person and convey a sense of reality." Yet without attempting a first-person description of Jenkins' marriage, the novel nonetheless illustrates his comment after he announces his and Moreland's marriages: "Life . . . all became rather changed."

For one thing, Jenkins' social life as a married man includes fewer accidents; he returns from an evening with an unhappy acquaintance who cannot be comforted, and thinks that "the evening was curiously out of focus; a pocket in time," and notices that "marriage reduced the number of interludes of that kind." His wife's family demands his attention, and some of its members engage his loyalties. When Moreland, unhappy in his marriage, falls in love with Jenkins' young, unmarried sister-in-law, Jenkins cannot serve as Moreland's confidant. It was a different story when they were both bachelors; Moreland paraded his amatory confusions—he was as frank about his failures as some men are about their successes—and Jenkins sympathized. Now Jenkins shares his wife's concern about her sister. Yet even if his sister-in-law were not involved, Jenkins' sympathy might not be forthcoming, for his attitude has changed. In the earlier books, and in this one, too—before his marriage—Jenkins seems to have understood loves more easily than marriages; after his own marriage he becomes more interested in relationships within marriage than in relationships, however alluring, outside it.

"Casanova's Chinese Restaurant" is a sadder book than the earlier novels. (In those, Powell sometimes seemed to be offering another view of the world we saw in Evelyn Waugh's comic, pre-Christian novels—a coincidence that reminds one of the reality at the core of both men's work.) The change in temper fits Jenkins' maturity—he is now at an age when his and his contemporaries' sorrows or failures may not be decisive but when they begin to count; a lapse into alcoholism, a broken marriage, or an unsuccessful symphony may have lasting consequences, as, say, a schoolboy prank will not. Even so, "Casanova's Chinese Restaurant" has some marvellously funny scenes, for it reflects life's insensitive habit of scrambling the terrible and the ridiculous.

Indeed, the devices—contrasts of mood, reappearances of characters—that provide aesthetic pleasure seem so much like the chancy way life functions that it is almost impossible to distinguish Mr. Powell's art from ordinary fact. The novel's themes have been plainly stated at the outset, during a dinner at



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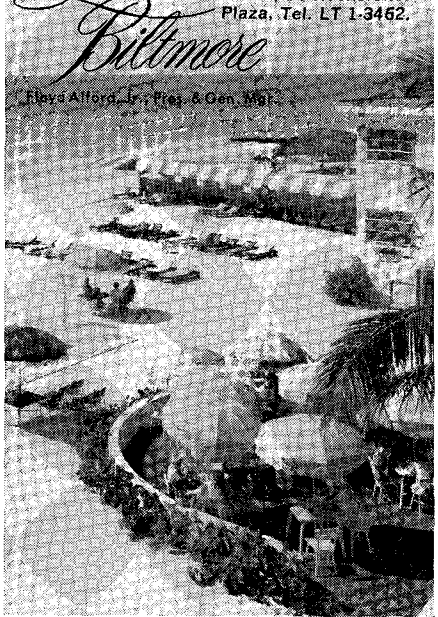

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Casanova's Chinese Restaurant (Jenkins, Moreland, and two other men are there), but they recur so unobtrusively that one does not immediately recognize them, just as themes in subtly composed music often strike and please the ear, when they recur, before the mind identifies them. One feels and delights in, before one can comprehend, the novel's perfection. The book is tightly constructed to read as if it were not constructed at all. It is full of irrelevancies—or what seem to be irrelevancies—and of humdrum goings on that coexist with dramas, all presented as entertainment but all doing the novel's business. "Casanova's Chinese Restaurant" is an elegant book, as the word is applied to chess games and battle plans. Its surprises are the result of economical efficiency; the fogginess, disorderliness, and randomness that Mr. Powell so triumphantly conveys are always forwarding his plot.

Mr. Powell's set of novels has already been likened to Proust's, mainly, I suppose, because "The Music of Time" contains so many kinds of reality—the lives of individuals, the qualities of different layers of society, and the historical backgrounds of prosperity and depression and European wars. While it is presumptuous, especially since "The Music of Time" is not finished, to try to docket it at all, as far as the work has gone the resemblance to Proust appears slight. Mr. Powell's style, accurate, ironical, spare, is entirely at the service of his events; it is not, as Proust's was, an attention-getter. It is, as good styles are, a recognizable voice (Mr. Powell does not carry unobtrusiveness to the point of self-extinction), but it is not stretching English syntax, it is using it. A more pervasive difference between the works is that "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" and its narrator, Marcel, are fundamentally yearning, while "The Music of Time" and Nicholas Jenkins are not. The simplest thing to say at present is that Mr. Powell resembles nobody but Mr. Powell, and that it is hard to see how he could do better.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE, by Noël Coward (Doubleday). Mr. Coward gives us a very funny account of the events preceding a Royal Visit to a tiny British island that he calls Samolo and that appears to be in the Caribbean. The story is absurd and noisy,

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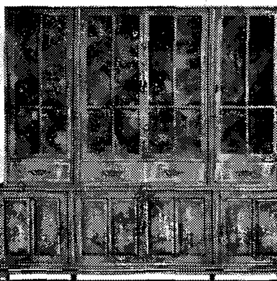

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and so complicated that it is occasionally difficult to tell whether the plot is evolving or revolving. The people are also absurd, but likable and amusing and pleasantly self-possessed. There are jokes, laughs, and horrified giggles in abundance, and Mr. Coward's air of dispassionate good temper is irresistibly attractive.

The Suspended Man, by Denis Bernard, translated from the German by Robert Molloy (Putnam). A Frenchman, Gérard Flavier, serving a life sentence for murder, tells of his life—his youth, his parents, his first love, his experiences in the war, and his enduring devotion to his wife. Mr. Bernard writes with sincerity and sympathy, and in clear and thoughtful language, but there is a lassitude in Flavier that seems to be not the result of imprisonment or of recent discouragement but a fundamental quality—the natural undertow of an unhappy nature. This lassitude, penetrating the narrative and dominating it, has the effect of reducing what might have been a cry of anguish and illumination to merely a hopeless recital of bad luck.

The Sleep of Reason, by Warren Miller (Little, Brown). Mr. Miller's cheerful spoof of Washington government circles beset by McCarthyism is somewhat out of date, but he is a witty man with a casual, offhand style, and his book is diverting. His central character is a nice young Harvard graduate, Evans Howells, whose chief virtue, among many virtues, is an inclination to laugh at himself. Evans finds himself working for a congressman who is a member of a McCarthyish Committee on Un-American Activities. This post is a source of irritation, embarrassment, and amusement to Evans, and his mental turmoil is complete when he falls in love with his boss's stenographer, a calm, ample, beautiful young woman named Maria.

GENERAL

Road to Ghana, by Alfred Hutchinson (John Day). This is the story of the author's escape from Johannesburg to Accra, which started when he and a group of fellow-defendants were released after standing trial for two years on a charge that the Union of South Africa called "treason." Mr. Hutchinson and his fellows were neither acquitted nor found guilty; the state simply withdrew its indictment—whether temporarily or permanently no one

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LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

The Bottom of the Harbor, by Joseph Mitchell (*Little, Brown, $3.95*).

A collection of six pieces about the waterfront of this city, as it is and as it used to be, and about the lives (private and professional) and the ideas (on change and permanence and other matters) of a number of humorous, contemplative men whom Mr. Mitchell has met on his rounds. They include Ellery Thompson, a dragger captain from Stonington, Connecticut; Harry Lyons, a shad fisherman from Edgewater, New Jersey; and Louis Morino, the proprietor of Sloppy Louie's, at the Fulton Fish Market.

Summoned by Bells, by John Betjeman (*Houghton Mifflin, $3*).

Recollections, in blank verse, of a middle-class Englishman's youth. The Englishman is also a poet, with the result that this autobiography is not only shorter but spiritually and emotionally more communicative than blank-prose memoirs are apt to be.

A Winter Come, a Summer Gone, by Howard Moss (*Scribners, $3.50*).

Poems, both old and new (1946 to 1960), suitable for being sung to the lyre. In the absence of a lyre, they can be read, without any loss of tone.

The Big Drink, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Random House, $3.50*).

The big drink is Coca-Cola. Mr. Kahn charts its progress over the seventy-four years since it was first concocted in an iron tub in an Atlanta back yard, and the progress, as well, of the Coca-Cola Company—syrup-makers, bottlers, distributors—under whose tender promotional care the big drink has all but saturated the earth.

The Pattern of Perfection, by Nancy Hale (*Little, Brown, $4*).

Short stories that, in essence, are simply about people who are trying to be perfect and who are gummed up by perfectionism.

Apologies to the Iroquois, by Edmund Wilson, together with a study of the Mohawks in High Steel, by Joseph Mitchell (*Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.95*).

Mr. Wilson, making amends for his previous ignorance about the Indians of New York, investigates their ceremonies and traditions and their present-day lives on several reservations throughout the state, and (pointing the way to further amends by federal and local authorities) records their continuing struggle to hang on to the lands they have been granted by treaty. Mr. Mitchell, for his part, reports on gangs of riveters from a Mohawk reservation in Quebec who have worked on many local skyscrapers and bridges.

Sermons and Soda-Water, by John O'Hara (*Random House, $5.95*).

Three novellas bound separately but with certain characters in common. "We're Friends Again" and "The Girl on the Baggage Truck" have to do with Hollywood or Broadway people moving in Long Island society. In "Imagine Kissing Pete" Mr. O'Hara returns, lovingly, to the Gibbsville, Pa., of "Appointment in Samarra."

Oh, Happy, Happy, Happy!, by Charles Saxon (*Golden Press, $3.95*).

An album of more than a hundred and fifty cartoons in which Mr. Saxon's success-oriented American natives can be seen coping with the problems that arise wherever they happen to be. More often than not, they happen to be at the other end of the 5:24.

Walking the Indian Streets, by Ved Mehta (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.50*).

After his graduation from Oxford and an absence of ten years, Mr. Mehta returned to India. This book is a record of his impressions of people and places. It is also a record of the feelings, among them that of being a stranger in his own country, that kept intruding on his high vacation spirits.

The View from Here, by Robert M. Coates (*Harcourt, Brace, $3.95*).

Some events in the peripatetic life of the author and of the cars that got him around—certain significant events that would never appear in a *Who's Who* biography but that shed more light on why who is who.

The Neutral Spirit, by Berton Roueché (*Little, Brown, $3.50*).

An examination of alcohol. Mr. Roueché outlines its history, uses, and abuses, and, remaining entirely nonpartisan, sorts out its actual powers from among the powers that have been falsely attributed to it by those who condemn it or recommend it or simply claim it cures a cold.

All the Emperor's Horses, by David Kidd (*Macmillan, $3.50*).

An account of the year that the author and his Chinese wife spent in her huge family's hundred-room mansion in Peking, shortly after the Communists took over in 1949. While the new regime huffed and puffed at the front gate, the family used the back gate in a hopeless effort to be inconspicuous, for their house, alas, was not built of bricks.

Stanley's Way, by Thomas Sterling (*Atheneum, $4*).

A biography of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, which is combined with a first-hand report on the author's exploration of the places that Stanley discovered some ninety years ago. Mr. Sterling, whose attitude toward the people of Africa differs considerably from Stanley's, made a few discoveries of his own, along more human lines.

Kiss Kiss, by Roald Dahl (*Knopf, $3.95*).

Eleven stories by the master of the silent scream.

No Room in the Ark, by Alan Moorehead (*Harper, $5*).

Mr. Moorehead, whose boots were swiped by a hyena in Kenya and who met a gorilla at the summit of a mountain there, brings news of the wild animals and birds of Africa. His report on a journey through game preserves and primitive villages is compounded of observation, adventure, and affection in roughly equal proportions.

The Labyrinth, by Saul Steinberg (*Harper, $7.50*).

Some three hundred drawings—all of them autobiographical, most of them metaphysical.

Times Three, by Phyllis McGinley (*Viking, $5*).

Selected verse of three decades, commenting on the social scene, with a foreword by W. H. Auden.

Portrait of Max, by S. N. Behrman (*Random House, $6*).

A Profile of Sir Max Beerbohm (1872-1956), much of it based on his brilliant, gossipy conversations with Mr. Behrman at Rapallo during the last few summers of his life. Together, author and subject re-created an ageless Max, surrounded by his friends, in the lovely world of Edwardian and early Georgian London, where, in a sense, he always remained. Mr. Behrman has rounded out this portrait of two eras with many selections from Beerbohm's writings and with many of his drawings.

The Light in the Piazza, by Elizabeth Spencer (*McGraw-Hill, $3*).

A novel with a plausible complication that will leave readers with enough ambivalent feelings about the characters to fuel some lengthy arguments.

Our Last Family Countess and Related Stories, by Antonio Barolini (*Harper, $3.75*).

Recollections of the author's Italian past which have the coziness of favorite bedtime stories and none of the nostalgia that suggests the old days were the best.

Kreuger, by Robert Shaplen (*Knopf, $4.50*).

The life and crimes of the Swedish match king and deadpan embezzler whose hand (in any number of international tills) was quicker than the eye of even the wariest of international financiers. Mr. Shaplen has added a great deal of material to his dossier on the late Ivar Kreuger as it first appeared in this magazine. Introduction by John Kenneth Galbraith.

Black Maria, by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*).

Mr. Addams' ghouls rush in, and appear quite at home in places where, by tradition, angels have been treading for years.

A Quota of Seaweed, by Hamilton Basso (*Doubleday, $3.95*).

Reports on a scattering of places where the pressures of life are slight and the temperature rarely drops below balmy, and on the pleasures of getting to them slowly by boat.

Stories from the New Yorker (*Simon & Schuster, $7.50*).

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was told. Mr. Hutchinson, expecting to be rearrested at any moment, collected some forged papers; it is a crime to leave the Union without a passport, and he doubted if the government would give him one. He decided to disguise himself as one of the many migratory laborers who ride the broken-down trains and buses allocated to African Negroes (he is part Negro, a university graduate who had been a high-school teacher), and to head for Ghana, because he was sure that Ghana would not permit his extradition as a fugitive. Mr. Hutchinson's account of this journey conveys something of the day-to-day preoccupations of poor Africans, who lead lives unimaginable to Americans. It is a book to learn from, and also a book to read for pleasure; it has the fascination of a picaresque novel—a story of the road, of travellers who come and go, of self-contained episodes against ever-changing backgrounds. Many of Mr. Hutchinson's scenes are charming genre sketches, and some are incidents of infuriating oppression. No matter what he tells us, his book is good-tempered, unself-conscious, and bright with human warmth rather than with political passion.

WHO KILLED SOCIETY?, by Cleveland Amory (Harper). A five-hundred-and-fifty-page discourse on high life in America. About a fifth of the way along, the inquest promised by the title dissolves in a tangle of semantics. "There is," the author decides, "no difference between celebrity and Society and never has been since the days when John Jacob Astor I was first called a 'celebrity.' . . . American society has from the beginning started with celebrity and then moved on to Society and Aristocracy." Having thus equivocally disposed of that, he settles down to a spirited exercise in anecdotal name-dropping (from E. Marie Abbett to Mrs. Adolph Zukor), scandalmongering (divorces, elopements, feuds, murders), defrocking professional social arbiters (including the *Social Register*), and giving such people as Elsa Maxwell and the Duchess of Windsor their lumps. Mr. Amory's social beat, as might be expected, is largely confined to the eastern seaboard (Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston), but from time to time he breaks amiably off to trace the simple annals of the provincial rich (Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St.

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Louis, Houston, San Francisco), and he even acknowledges the existence of a Jewish high society. Many photographs (including one of Elizabeth Taylor, who is nowhere mentioned in the text) and an end-paper list of Ward McAllister's Four Hundred.

LONESOME TRAVELER, by Jack Kerouac (McGraw-Hill). A collection of somewhat forlorn reminiscences by the author of "On the Road," "The Subterraneans," "Dr. Sax," and "The Dharma Bums." In most of these pieces, Kerouac is in motion between one place and another—San Pedro, Los Angeles, Mexico City, San Francisco, New Orleans, Times Square, Greenwich Village, Seattle, Tangier, Marseille, Paris—but they are hardly travel reports, for Kerouac is their only subject. Sometimes—especially when he has found a restaurant serving big meals at bargain prices—Kerouac feels better than at other times. Occasionally he works at odd jobs. After considerable meditation, he concludes that "everything is God." Kerouac's jazzy, impressionistic prose is not unattractive; neither, for that matter, is Kerouac, for his saving grace is his ability to take himself less than seriously. But this book reads like the work of a promising college junior, and the author, so his introduction tells us, will be thirty-nine on March 12th.

THE FUTURE OF MAN, by P. B. Medawar (Basic Books). Six crisp essays by a distinguished British biologist (he is Jodrell Professor of Zoology at the University of London) on the forces involved in the biological evolution of the human race. These forces, the author points out, are now generally seen to embrace not merely the complex of the genetic system but social, cultural, and technological (or man-made) factors as well. He also believes that as knowledge of these forces increases, man's biological future will yield to successful prediction. This is not, however, a book of apocalyptic opinion. It is, rather, an exercise for laymen in the scientific method—an elucidation of the sort of questions that must be asked if, as the author says, "we are ever to understand the pattern and progress of evolution." A truly tonic study.

AS FOR ITALY, by Jean-François Revel, translated from the French by Anthony Rhodes (Dial). The author, a Frenchman and a teacher, recently spent four and a half years teaching

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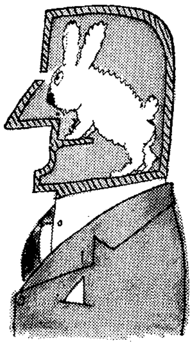

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in Italy, a land he learned to despise. Everything, he tells us in this book, is inadequate in Italy: sex, manners, politics, and art—all art, including the contemporary film and the nineteenth-century novel. (When he comes to think of it, Italian Renaissance painting isn't so hot, either.) His book is a perfect distillation—an attar—of irascibility, so vehemently testy as to be hilarious. And it's a nice change to find a citizen of one foreign country attacking another foreign country without blaming the United States for anything.

THE WORLD OF CARNEGIE HALL, by Richard Schickel (Messner). In the hands of an unimaginative writer, a history of the venerable old concert hall at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street might have turned out to be a dull, documentary affair. But Mr. Schickel is not an unimaginative writer; he is, on the contrary, an extremely entertaining one, as well as a profound student of American artistic, social, economic, and political habits, and his account of Carnegie Hall's seventy years reaches far outside the brown brick walls of the auditorium to take in the whole world of artistic enterprise of which it has been a continuing symbol and center. Decade by decade, he traces the changes in American musical taste and the social changes that lay behind them, giving the reader, in the process, what amounts to a history of manners and mores as well as aesthetic attitudes.

NOTE: "The Labyrinth," a collection of three hundred and forty-one drawings by Saul Steinberg, of which many first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Harper.

•

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The rustle of palm fronds as you relax under a Wedgwood sky.—*Bahamas Development Board adv. in The New Yorker, November 19th.*

Libya's rock-knuckled earth is already beginning to flower. But, of all the flowers under this Wedgwood sky, the loveliest is freedom.—*Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) adv. in the same issue.*

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AT ALL
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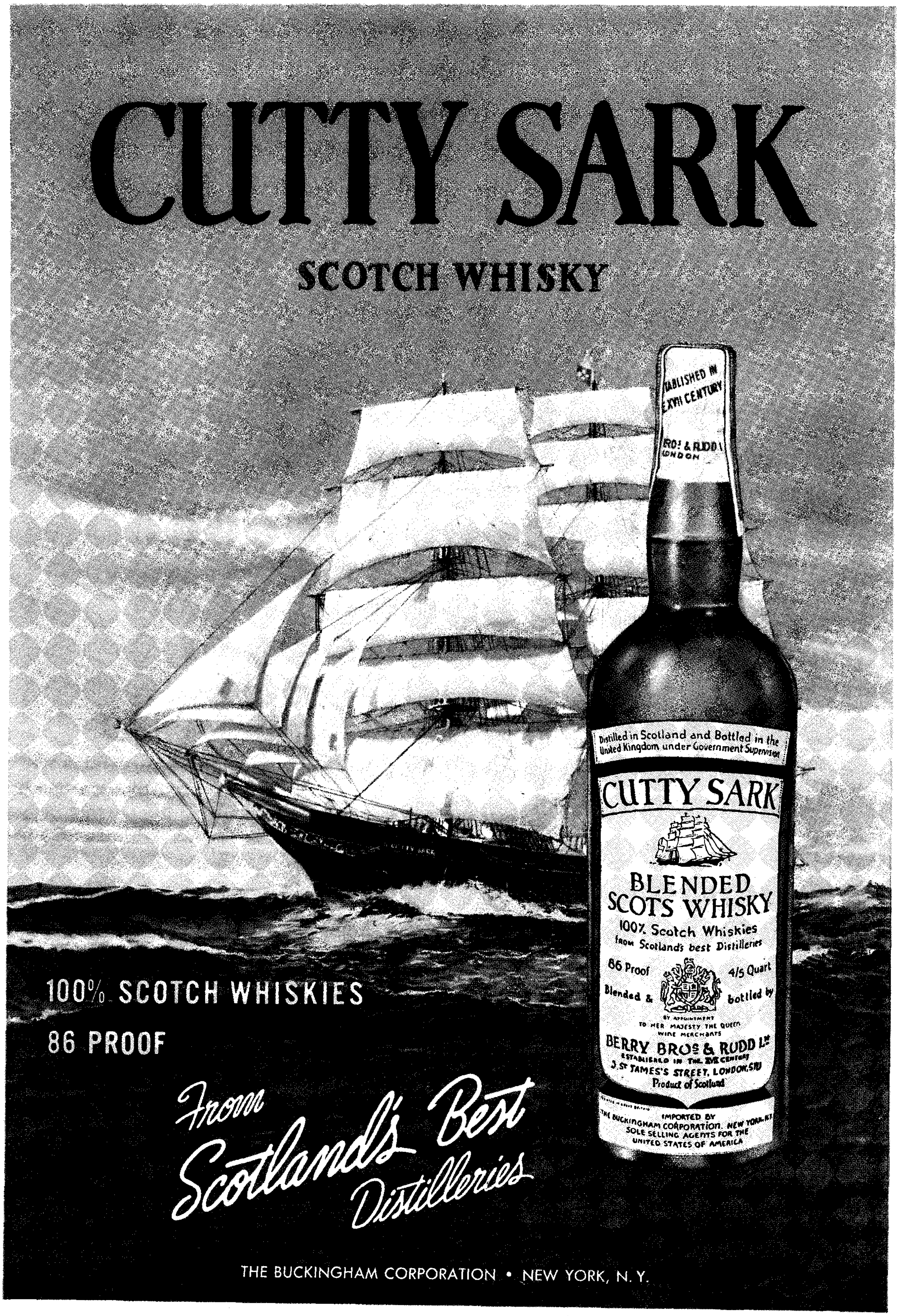
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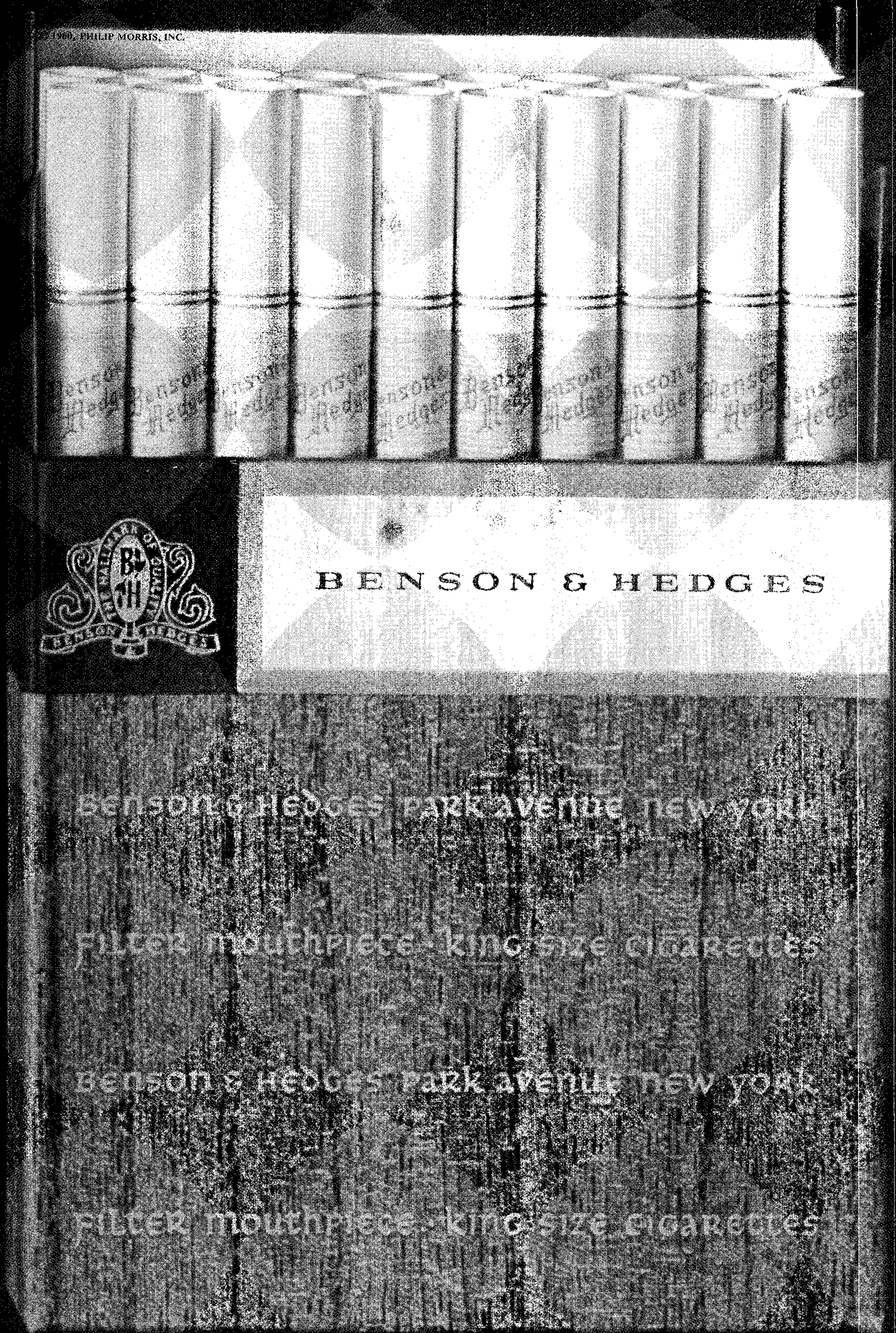
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